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TIME

MODERN ROYALTY

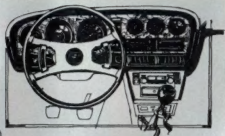
The Allure
Endures



IT'S THE IMPORT CAR OF THE YEAR.

MOTOR TREND MAGAZINE:

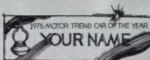
"The winner of the 1976 Motor Trend Import Car of the Year Award is the Toyota Celica. Not just a Celica, or even the new Liftback," but the complete three-car line." Here's just part of what Motor Trend said about the Celica line.



Execution: "The Celica has been a significant force on the U.S. automotive scene for several years... so although this award is for the 1976 Celica line, it is also recognition of the quality of all those that have gone before."

Engineering: "With only 56% of the total weight on the front wheels, larger wheels, steel belted radial tires and firmer suspension, handling is excellent with no sacrifice in riding comfort."

Performance: "...good performance without sacrificing fuel economy..."
NOTE: 1976 EPA tests with 5-speed overdrive transmission; 36 mpg on the highway, 20 city. These EPA results are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary, depending upon your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment.



You can see Motor Trend Magazine's Import Car of the Year at any of nearly 1,000 authorized dealers across the country. And, for a limited time, if this is the year you purchase a Celica, you'll receive an Import Car of the Year Plaque engraved with your name. And if this isn't your year for a sporty car, look into the 19 other Toyota models. Each has been given the same attention to detail, quality and performance that has helped make the Celica the Import Car of the Year.

WE GOT IT.



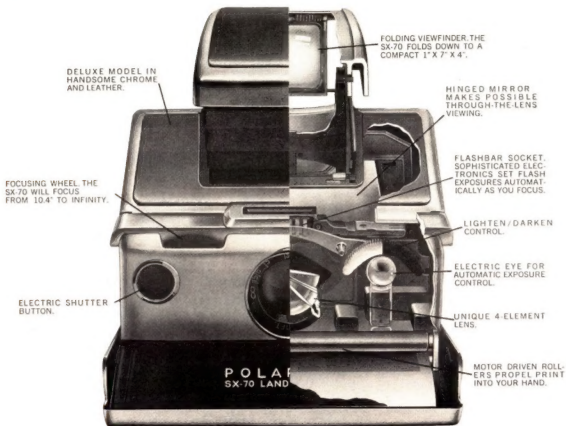
Celica GT

Celica ST

Celica GT
Liftback

THE 1976 TOYOTA CELICAS.

Polaroid's SX-70: Half the wonder is what it does. Half is how it does it.



Half the wonder of the SX-70 is in the picture itself. A brilliant color photograph that develops in daylight, in minutes, before your eyes.

And half the wonder is in the camera. It is almost completely automated. Just focus, frame, and press the button. It will take the picture and hand it to you.

You can take a picture every 1.5 seconds for action sequences.

You can get close-ups from only 10.4 inches away.

With a simple close-up attachment, you can actually take a life-size picture of the works in your

watch from 5 inches away.

The camera is driven by a 12,000 rpm electric motor. It runs on a specially designed 6-volt battery built into every film pack.

The lens aperture and shutter speed are set automatically for correct exposures—flash, natural light, or time exposures up to 14 seconds.

This single-lens reflex camera gives you the ease of through-the-lens viewing and focusing. The image passes through the picture-taking lens up to the viewer by a series of mirrors. The picture you

see is the picture you will get.

The SX-70 photograph itself is a 15-layer phenomenon that comes out hard, flat and dry. There is nothing to time, nothing to peel, nothing to throw away, nothing to do but watch it develop.

The deluxe SX-70 Land camera is the most revolutionary camera Polaroid has ever made. Inside, well over 100 inventions (each unique to the SX-70) function with but one purpose. To let you concentrate on the picture in your mind instead of the camera in your hand.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



"When you see a king," George Eliot wrote in 1868, "you see the work of many thousand men." The same might be said about the many TIME cover stories on monarchs over the decades. Totting them up in connection with this week's story on European royalty, we discovered that Kings, Queens, Princes, Princesses, Emperors and Shahs have been on our cover 91 times since 1923, when the first, King Fuad I of Egypt, appeared. A few royals, such as Elizabeth II and her father George VI of Great Britain, Alfonso XIII (grandfather of Juan Carlos, Spain's present King, who is one of this week's cover subjects), have made TIME's cover three or more times.

In preparing this week's cover story, TIME reporters found that even in modern democracies monarchs must still be approached with all due delicacy and deference. But the effort paid off. To report on Juan Carlos of Spain and Queen Sofia, Correspondent Gavin Scott and Photographer Eddie Adams were able to get close to the royal couple as they traveled the country. Later, at a cover portrait session Adams discovered that Juan Carlos, himself a dedicated amateur photographer, knew the Pulitzer prizewinner's work from camera magazines. In Brazil, Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand, invited to cocktails with Alexander Karageorgevitch, 30, heir to the nonexistent throne of Yugoslavia, was surprised when the prince talked about living costs and recommended a "wonderful hotel in Spain—for only \$8 a night." In Stockholm, Stringer Mary Johnson headed for the palace by subway, fell downstairs smashing her knee. Still, she arrived in time to handle an interview and a painful curtsy to young Carl XVI Gustaf. Some rulers were unavailable. Since the Lockheed scandal, beleaguered Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands see no member of the press. Norway's sailor King Olav, 72, never gives formal interviews. TIME's Dag Christensen, also a sailor, saw him recently on the water, where he failed to give Olav's red sloop *Bingo* right of way on the Oslofjord, and earned an icy glare from his monarch.

In New York, the story was written by Senior Writer Michael Demarest, who sifted through mounds of material with the help of Reporter-Researcher Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov. An American schooled in England, Demarest remembers glimpsing Elizabeth at the funeral of her grandfather King George V in 1936 and at the coronation of her father George VI. Recalls Demarest: "Those were to be no more."

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Design by Bill Cadege with photographs of (top, clockwise) Elizabeth II by Serge Lemoine—Sygma, Carl XVI Gustaf by Agency Norma, Juan Carlos by Eddie Adams, Margrethe by Hubert Le Campton—Sygma, Bernhard and Juliana by Daniel Simon—Gamma/Liaison.

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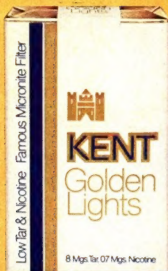
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NEW!

KENT GOLDEN LIGHTS

LOWER IN TAR THAN ALL THESE BRANDS.



ONLY 8 MG TAR.

YET TASTES SO GOOD, YOU WON'T
BELIEVE THE NUMBERS.

Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 1975.
Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar,"
0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Stop Bombarding Me, Stop!

To the Editors:

If Drs. Laing and Cole are still unsure of what mental illness is, the answer is on the cover [April 12], which clearly depicts insanity in all its glory.

Frederick M. Burkle Jr., M.D.
Hanover, N.H.

Who made the weapon this man holds? Who filled the mind this man

possesses? Who and what made him hate other men so much that he would murder them and pose above their bodies with flowers? We all had better take a lasting look at this picture. All of us are somewhere in it.

Gary H. Gamage
York, Pa.

Stop bombarding me and my daughter with these horrible examples of "brotherly love." Stop, stop, stop!

Carolyn DuVall
Columbus



I expect that you will justify the publication of such photos with "the people's right to know," "freedom of the press," or a "valid illustration of the horrors of war."

If that be the case, I hereby waive my right to know what a man's blown-off head looks like.

Roderick D. Andersson
Seaford, N.Y.

It's about time the masses see in such vivid detail the horrors of war. Don't waver from your conviction that you should show us what is actually happen-

ing in this world, even if in the process it turns some of our stomachs.

Eric S. Nelson
Portland, Ore.

The killer actually thinks he has accomplished something toward the betterment of mankind. He even brought flowers to the wake. God help us all.

Karen Clapp Phaneuf
Dallas

If this is how Arabs treat fellow Arabs, can you imagine how they would treat Israelis, given half a chance?

Norbert Y. Zucker
Potomac, Md.

So the Israelis not only have nuclear weapons but they massacre innocent people in an airliner and they try to shoot down an American pilot? Their morals are no better than the Nazis'.

Rob Doorack
White Plains, N.Y.

The U.S. has assisted in arming a 30-year-old fledgling nation, which has been reared in a climate of nearly constant war, with some of the most devastating weapons devised by man.

It is time for Uncle Sam to exert some guiding influence and remove the

T & F BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 50 PROOF

...and now it's time
for a Cutty.

Motor Trend's Car of the Year is priced \$463 less than Granada.

And that's worth singing about.

Our new Volaré Premier 4-Door Sedan, sticker price for sticker price, is 463 dollars less than a comparably equipped Granada Ghia. That's a lot of money. Especially when you consider Motor Trend Magazine recently named Volaré the 1976 Car of the Year. They felt Volaré made "the most significant contribution to the automotive world for 1976."

And they knew what they were talking about.

Ride like a big car.

Room like no other small car.

A new Chrysler engineering innovation actually gives the small Volaré a smooth, comfortable ride like a big car. It's amazing. It's called an Isolated Transverse Suspension (pat. pend.) and it's designed like no other small car suspension in the world.

Volaré is also the roomiest

small American sedan. With a comfortable European-style seating position, and large areas of glass for a new feeling of visibility.

27 Highway. 18 City.

Two comfortable EPA estimates.

Volaré gas mileage is a comfort, too. According to EPA estimated mileage results, Volaré was rated at 27 miles per gallon on the highway and 18 in the city. (30 and 18 for the Volaré Wagon!) equipped with standard 6-cylinder engine and manual transmission. Your actual mileage may differ depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and optional equipment.*

And here's 'The Clincher'

Once you buy a Volaré, all we ask is that you take care of normal maintenance like changing filters and wiper blades. Chrysler Corporation will take care of the rest.

For the first 12 months of use any Chrysler Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts and labor, any part of our 1976 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use.

Regardless of mileage.

Buying or leasing a Volaré will give you plenty to sing about. You'll love it. From the comfortable 463 dollar advantage over Granada Ghia to the "regardless of mileage" clincher.

Not to mention the distinction of driving the 1976 Motor Trend Car of the Year.



*In California, see your dealer for engine availability and mileage data for California-equipped Volares.

Volaré



Plymouth Volaré. The new small car with the accent on comfort.

specter of nuclear catastrophe from the already tragic situation in the Middle East.

Thomas Baer
Chicago

To expect the tiny state of Israel to ward off the combined attack of 20 Arab states, the Soviet Union and her satellites without the Bomb is like having had David tackle an army of Goliaths without the slingshot.

George Sauer
South Orange, N.J.

Liberty or Lust?

Fie on the porno peddlers who profit from ignorance and lust [April 5]. Fie on the libertines who raise phony cries of censorship. And fie on the decent folk whose self-righteous apathy has permitted this appalling advanced case of acne to creep across the face of America.

(Mrs.) Jean G. Tuthill
Denver

I feel a personal affront from you self-righteous busybodies, fraught with your fears that somebody, somewhere, might be enjoying something other than the watery sustenance of Bible Belt standards for sexual normality.

Charles W. Maloney
Baltimore

Pornography signals the sexual awakening of a generation of Americans who were taught as children to equate sex with evil and sin. The extent of fascination with sadomasochism, bestiality and other esoteric forms of sex is a measure of the damage done to the human spirit by the repression of natural feelings. The challenge is not to "control" pornography but to find ways to aid our children in achieving a sexual maturity based on the sharing of love and devoid of violence and hate.

Juan A. Mocega Jr.
Milwaukee

Sodomy Watch

Re "A No to Sodomy" [April 12]: are the esteemed Supreme Court judges planning to hide under the beds of 80% of all U.S. adults, hoping to catch someone in the act?

Peggy Brisky
Middletown, N.Y.

The court's ruling relegates a large majority of the populace to the category of "closet criminal." This is a new low in civil liberties.

James Herd
Iowa City, Iowa

Taking a Life

Some people are stupid in voicing their objections to the death penalty [April 12]. It is only common sense that hardened criminals, and most certainly

murderers, should be put to death before they can put to death someone else.

Etheridge Grant
Ojai, Calif.

No, no, no! The death penalty is wrong! Rehabilitation has admittedly failed to accomplish its goals, but is something as barbaric and unchristian as execution the answer? Certainly anyone who takes the life of another deserves punishment. But what gives any court of humans the right to decide who shall live and who shall die? That is the prerogative of a higher power, not ours.

Ellen R. McDaniel
Cumberland, Md.

When a person is convicted of murder and sentenced to be executed, an automatic appeal should go to the Supreme Court. Let the court make its decision within a week. If that decision is that the verdict was fair in light of all the evidence presented, then the sentence should be enforced within another week and the murderer executed.

It is the immediacy of a sentence's execution that will stop people from killing other people. If murderers know that they can appeal again and again, if they have more rights than their victims, who cannot appeal, then we will never have a society that does not have to fear murder.

Robert C. Morgen
Skokie, Ill.

Weeder Griffith

As I read Thomas Griffith's "News-watch" column that depicted the caprices of Washington's journalism set [April 12], I felt an immense relief. The press is finally beginning to weed its own flower bed.

Bruce R. Dooley
Phoenixville, Pa.

Sickeningly Biased

I find your coverage of the primary campaign [April 12] sickeningly biased. It's my opinion that you've been taken in by a phony, self-righteous, all too typical politician, Jimmy Carter.

For city folk, you're really bush.

Jim Anderson
Cartersville, Ill.

Candidate Jimmy Carter can rest assured that this black man's vote in the upcoming May primary in Texas will not "intrude" on the "ethnic purity" of his constituency.

Michael Tidwell
San Antonio

TIME wrote a piece on why Jimmy Carter appeals to black voters. In that article you quoted me and identified me as a "black leader."

I consider this journalistic racism. No one refers to George Wallace as a "white Governor" or Gerald Ford as a

"white President." If a label must be attached to my leadership, as a minister of the gospel I prefer "moral leader."

Moral leadership, which essentially deals with ideas and values, is a universal category. Black is not.

(The Rev.) Jesse L. Jackson
Chicago

Original Sin

Your story concerning Christian Science [March 15] included a litany of allegations by a church member. In limited space, it would be impossible to correct some without giving the impression of ignoring others. But TIME's addition of its own "original" mistake—giving a figure of 500 churches disbanded, or 70% more than actually—does need correction.

J. Burroughs Stokes
Manager, Committees on Publication
The First Church of Christ, Scientist
Boston

TIME Dismembered

TIME has given a seriously wrong impression of my book on Lyndon Johnson [April 19]. That work is a respectful study of a man whom I greatly admired and who, had it not been for Viet Nam, would have been a President of unequal achievement. We now seem to revel in destroying our past—its achievements, leaders, events. In this case it is TIME, and not my book, that adds to this lamentable and universal dismemberment.

Doris Kearns
Miami

TIME's story simply reported the book's portrayal of L.B.J.

For the Defense

I am quoted in reference to the Hearst case without any indication that I was associated with the trial defense [March 29]. In an earlier issue, TIME did identify me as having assisted Bailey in trial preparation, and I have indicated my role to all the reporters to whom I have spoken.

Alan M. Dershowitz
Professor of Law
Harvard Law School
Cambridge, Mass.

Keep Out

In the past 15 years the earth's population has increased by a billion, and still they're coming faster [April 5]. They wouldn't if they knew what it costs to live here. There ought to be some place we can post a sign.

Paul Burleigh
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Tell your dealer "Delco."



Don't settle for a look-alike radio in your new GM car.

If you don't ask for Delco, you may not get a Delco sound system in your new GM car. From AM radios to AM/FM stereo with stereo tape, Delco is the sound of General Motors. And you shouldn't settle for any other.

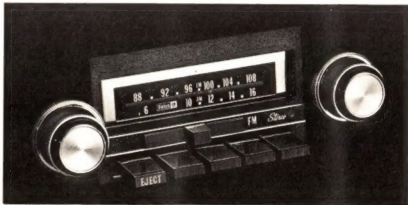
Only Delco sound systems are designed by GM for your new GM car.

Delco engineers worked hand in hand with each of the GM automotive divisions when they designed the Delco sound systems for your new GM car. From the speakers to the tuner to the antenna, the Delco systems meet the high standards of each car division assuring you of GM sound quality.

Only Delco offers 40 years of GM experience.

This experience has helped make Delco a leader in new car sound systems. It has enabled us to pioneer such advancements as the exceptional four-speaker "Crossfire" stereo sound and ten-station pushbutton tuning.

So don't settle for a look-alike radio. Whether you buy a new Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile or Pontiac, be sure you get the sound of GM. Tell your dealer "Delco."



Pontiac AM/FM stereo radio with stereo tape.

**You get GM quality
in your new car. Get it in your
sound system with Delco.**

**Delco
Electronics**



Division of General Motors



TIME WEEKLY NEWSWEEK, May 3, 1976 Vol. 107, No. 18

TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

The High Cost of Learning

Terrel H. Bell, 54, had a problem familiar to many Americans: even with a handsome salary (\$37,800), he was not going to be able to put all his children through college. Bell's eldest son will enter the University of Utah in September (room, board and tuition: \$2,700); two other sons will soon follow.

With that in mind, Bell candidly wrote his boss, Health, Education and Welfare Secretary David Matthews, that even with just one son in college, there was "no way I can support him from my present position." And so Terrel Bell submitted his resignation, effective Aug. 1, as U.S. Commissioner of Education. He will become Utah's commissioner of higher education and head of its board of regents—at a salary of \$48,600.

An F in History

At Public School 161 in Manhattan, three-fourths of the students are Hispanic. So the community school board decided to rechristen the school, which bore the name of Fiorello H. LaGuardia. As a three-term mayor, the "Little Flower" championed city dwellers of every race and creed. But no matter: he was Italian, not Hispanic. The board thereupon chose the name of Pedro Albizu Campos, who before his death in 1965 proved his "unselfish devotion," in the board's words, "to the cause of liberation of Puerto Rico from the yoke of American colonialism."

As it happens, only about 4% of Puerto Rico's voters in the 1972 elec-

tions seemed to want liberation. As it also happens, Albizu had waged a life-long terrorist campaign. He instigated the 1950 assassination attempt against Harry Truman and in 1954, after four of his followers sprayed gunfire around the House of Representatives, wounding five Congressmen, hailed the triggermen for "sublime heroism."

Some New Yorkers protested. The only Puerto Rican in the House of Representatives, Bronx Congressman Herman Badillo, suggested that the board could "find more impressive people than Mr. Albizu, who supported violence and overthrow of governments." Asked LaGuardia's widow, Marie: "Can they do that?" At week's end the board was standing by its eccentric decision.

Power Switch Hitters

Weighing the case of a Justice Department worker who had been fired for spurning the sexual advances of her boss, U.S. District Court Judge Charles R. Richey last week tried to apply some firm rules of law to such delicate situations. He came close to succeeding, then fell on his face. From his Washington courtroom, Richey decreed that under Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, employees discharged for not submitting to amorous advances may bring sexual-discrimination charges against the following bosses: 1) males who try to seduce female subordinates, 2) females who make advances toward male underlings and 3) homosexuals who have eyes for employees of the same gender.

Unaccountably, Richey then left a loophole big enough to destroy all the

above rules. He decided that bisexual bosses are free to impose themselves on whomever they like—presumably on the ground that they would not discriminate against workers of either sex.

Moore's Morality Tale

At New York's Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, Episcopal Bishop Paul Moore Jr. last week aimed a fire-and-brimstone Easter sermon at those corporations that have decided to leave New York City.* Every firm that departs, said the bishop, helps perpetuate a cycle of rising unemployment, diminishing city services and increased crime. He added: "Even though they may be clothed in economic considerations, most industries' decisions to leave are basically immoral decisions." Touching on another consideration for leaving, he described white fear of black crime as a "racist, guilt-fear myth."

Strong stuff, at Easter or any other time. And, perhaps, laced with a bit of the bishop's own mythology. To be sure, leaving New York may cost jobs and reduce tax levies, but would it be particularly "moral" for a company to ignore economics and its responsibilities to employees and stockholders? In managing to be sanctimonious and demagogic at the same time, the bishop displayed little real understanding of the reasons for New York's plight; his premise has very little to do with the city's overarching problems. Second thoughts and perhaps a second sermon are in order.

*Among recent departures announced is that of Time Inc.'s book division, which will move to the Washington, D.C., area this fall for economy reasons.



THE NATION

THE PEOPLE

Pots, Plots & the Good News of Spring

A capricious spring surprised and bestirred much of the nation last week. While New York City's skyscrapers shimmered in 96° heat, the highest temperature ever recorded there in April, Floridians endured an unseemly chill and tornadoes skipped across Oklahoma and Texas. Heavy rains deluged Texas, Oklahoma and western Kansas—but too late to save the drought-stricken winter wheat crop, whose scraggly remnants have been plowed under. Residents of heavily evacuated Minot, N. Dak., breathed easier as their earthen dams continued to hold against the crested Souris River, but 400,000 acres were flooded, dampening the area's harvest hopes for another season. At week's end most of America shifted to Daylight Saving Time, the better to enjoy, or rue, whatever nature has in store.

If the meteorological vagaries commanded unusual attention, part of the explanation may have been that in many other respects the news was exceptionally good. In a *Voice of America* discussion beamed overseas, such panelists as Columnist Charles Bartlett and Political Demographer Richard Scammon were startled by their unwonted optimism about America's future. For the first time in a long time, the panelists later agreed, they had been talking about the country in terms that were almost totally positive. How come? asked the program's moderator. Scammon replied that, though a great many problems re-

mained to be solved and though there were still far too many sick and deprived people, the U.S. is in extremely good shape. To be sure, Scammon is known as a glandular optimist, but the daily headlines largely supported his thesis.

The economic recovery continued to accelerate as first-quarter statistics showed an annual increase of 7.5% in the gross national product. Almost as heartening, the annual inflation rate declined to 3.7%, and although it is expected to creep up to perhaps 6%, it is still a far cry from the 9.7% rate reached in 1974. Detroit was forecasting a 10.5 million car year, the second best ever. Profits were up, retail sales were high, and even the long depressed housing industry was on the rise again. Unemployment remained at an unacceptable 7.5%, but this was a promising drop from the 8.9% high of last May.

Nudging Nature. On another level, many Americans were working shorter hours and looking for something new and personally satisfying to do in their leisure hours. Astonishing numbers of them seemed to be finding it in an almost atavistic yearning to grub in the dirt, sow seeds, nudge nature with fertilizer, watch wondrous things grow, then literally taste the fruits, and vegetables—of their loving labors at their own tables. Home gardening of all kinds, but most especially for eating, is booming in the U.S. The growing zest for growing things got its biggest boost in

1974 from the recession, climbing food prices and the stay-at-home gasoline shortage. But the continuing spurge in backyard plots and apartment window boxes this spring proves that the back-to-the-soil trend is no mere fad. The U.S. Department of Agriculture estimates that this summer, for the first time since the flourishing victory gardens of World War II, a majority of American households—some 37 million, or 51%—will be tending some kind of vegetable garden.

"America has never been a great gardening country," says Gardening Author Derek Fell. "But now all that's changing." Declares William MacDowell, president of W. Atlee Burpee Co., "People are getting frustrated with all the frivolities of life. They want something more basic." Observed San Diego Garden Store Owner Joan Klindt: "You can't live in concrete all your life. Every day I hear people saying things like 'Oh, I don't watch that TV program any more. I'm working out in the yard.'"

Suppliers cannot keep up with the demand. "I've been out of orange trees for two months, also lemons and kumquats," says Miami Nurseryman Mark Anet. "It's just gung-ho," notes Al Muller, at a Wilmette, Ill., nursery. "We're running out of Bibb lettuce, celery, carrots, and we can't get new supplies." In New England, the Finast supermarkets find 40-lb bags of cow manure (at \$1.99 a bag) selling at record rates.

THE NATION

The new greening of America takes many forms. Amid the hills surrounding San Francisco, homeowners often plant tomatoes, lettuce, celery, carrots, onions and radishes in wooden tubs on sun decks. Raspberry plants and apple trees for backyards are big sellers in Portland. During the hot summer, Miami area gardeners turn to black-eyed peas and watermelons. Dick and Hope McKim of Miami even converted their swimming pool into a garden, filling it with layers of rock and sand, then topsoil. Says Mrs. McKim: "Now instead of the pool costing us \$50 a month to maintain, we eat out of it."

Community garden projects, often subsidized with federal funds on state or city land, have more hopeful planters and renters than available plots. Low-income families are often given priority, since the savings on food bills from a 15-ft. by 25-ft. garden can reach \$250 a year. Atlanta has 150 acres, divided into 20-ft. by 30-ft. plots, scattered in its metropolitan area in a program that will reach an estimated 8,000 people this year. In Louisville, one government-sponsored garden project leased 175 of its 250 plots in just two hours on opening day. For \$20 a season, more luxurious Louisville sharecroppers get 40-ft. by 100-ft. lots and the comforts of telephones, electric outlets and portatiles.

Instant Tomatoes. All this does not mean that Americans are no longer enthralled by gadgets and gimmicks. More than 20,000 Rotocep "Accelerator" compost bins were sold last year at about \$40 each, and sales are expected to more than double this year. The bin is merely a 3-ft.-high plastic cylinder, specially ventilated for turning garden and kitchen wastes quickly into compost. Students at the University of Miami enjoy almost instant tomatoes hydroponically grown by pouring liquid fertilizer into baskets filled with wood shavings outside their dorm windows. "Tomato rings"—wire-mesh cages about 4 ft. wide and 6 ft. high containing beds of grass clippings, table scraps and leaves—are popular for growing a variety of vegetables.

Such shortcuts do not seem to diminish the satisfactions. "There is tremendous excitement in putting seeds in the ground—little pieces of nothing in the earth—and seeing them grow," declares Harold Field, a retired editor and enthusiastic gardener in New York's Westchester County. "It defies description. It's almost magical." The rising interest in pots, plants and window boxes is, indeed, a healthy trend in a mechanized society. Millions of Americans work at jobs that rarely encompass more than a step in a production sequence or a repetition of services. And they work indoors, besides. For these millions, the meshing of one's hand with nature's rhythms and whimsies to produce a delicious melon or a crunchily celery stalk is proving to be a renewing experience.



INTEGRATED LOW-COST HOUSING PROJECT IN BEVERLY, MASS.

RACES

A Very Small Suburban Wedge

"I stand by the court's decision," said Scoop Jackson, but he would not go much further. "It's O.K.," was the laconic and unenthusiastic response of Jimmy Carter. Only Mo Udall came out foursquare for the court. "It's a good decision and I support it," he declared. "The minorities and the underprivileged should not be left to rot in high-rises and tenements in the inner city. The only way that urban problems can be tackled is if all communities do their share."

The case the three leading Democratic presidential candidates were talking about dealt with an explosive political question: whether the Federal Government should sponsor large-scale housing for low-income groups, which could break up what Carter described, in a moment of uncustomary carelessness, as the "ethnic purity" of neighborhoods. By a vote of 8 to 0, the Supreme Court agreed that a U.S. district court could direct the Federal Government to do just that—but only under carefully prescribed conditions. Those conditions, in fact, made it certain that the suburbs were in no immediate danger of being invaded by large-scale migrations of poor people from the inner cities.

Legal Loophole. The case was initiated in 1966 by Dorothy Gautreaux—who died in 1969—and five other blacks. They sued the Chicago Housing Authority and the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development for perpetuating segregation by building low-cost apartment complexes for blacks almost exclusively in inner-city black neighborhoods. The plaintiffs subsequently argued that the housing units should have been built instead in the white-dominated wards of Chicago or



FIGHTING FOREST HILLS PROJECT (1971)

Carefully prescribed conditions.

in the suburbs that lie just outside the city. In reply, HUD claimed that since the suburbs were not accused of practicing segregation, the Federal Government had no business integrating them, and thus interfering with the affairs of local government.

Two basic points led the court to decide otherwise. The court noted that HUD had violated the blacks' basic constitutional rights in the first place by helping to confine them to segregated housing within Chicago's city limits. The housing plan, said the Justices, should have included the entire Chicago metropolitan area instead of just the city. Ordering HUD to put low-cost housing in the suburbs would not restrict the freedom of local governments, the court ruled further, since the suburbs would still be able to exercise all their powers regarding zoning requirements and other land-use restrictions.

Through that legal loophole the sub-

urbs could attempt to block subsidized housing projects and could probably tie up the building of low-income housing in well-to-do communities for years to come. Moreover, in sending the case back to the U.S. district court in Chicago, which must now devise a suitable plan to give relief to the city's blacks, the Justices left another large escape hatch. They ruled that while the district court has the power to put blacks in the suburbs, it does not have an absolute obligation to do so. In theory, therefore, the district court could recommend that HUD support a new low-income housing program within the boundaries of Chicago rather than in the suburbs—although that seems an unlikely outcome.

Some civil rights spokesmen were quick to hail the decision as a landmark in the long fight to get the suburbs to share in solving the problems of the cities they surround. Margaret Bush Wilson, chairman of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, called the finding "historic, bold and necessary to halt the constitutional movement in this country toward *apartheid*." But other leaders of minorities, noting the extremely limited nature of the precedent and knowing the long court battles that almost certainly lay ahead, were much more guarded. "I'm pleased, but I'm not elated," said Dr. Robert Weaver, Lyndon Johnson's HUD Secretary and the first black to hold a Cabinet post.

Court Cue. Weaver's restraint was shared by Attorney Alexander Polikoff, who argued the case for the blacks. "The change is only potential," he warned. Before they could get similar relief, blacks in other cities would have to bring suit and prove on a case-by-case basis that HUD had violated their basic constitutional rights. "The real hope," said Polikoff, "is that HUD will take the cue from the court and, on a voluntary basis, pass out their dollars to developers in metropolitan areas." The resulting housing projects, he continued, should be accessible to people from the inner city.

As the Supreme Court pointed out, HUD does have the power right now to support low-cost housing in the suburbs that could attract inner-city minority groups. Under a provision, known as Section 8, of the 1974 housing law, HUD subsidizes the rent paid by low-income families who live in new, renovated or existing housing. But in this fiscal year, only a small portion of the 325,000 dwelling units under the program are housing families from minority groups in predominantly white areas.

Even if HUD increases its efforts—as it shows solid signs of doing—the department could still run up against the legal defenses of recalcitrant suburbs, which could plead that the proposed housing would violate their zoning. HUD has had trouble enough accomplishing a simpler task: integrating low-income

minorities into middle-class white neighborhoods within a city's boundaries. During the early '70s, for example, middle-class whites in the Forest Hills section of New York City bitterly fought a proposed housing project. They succeeded in reducing its size from about 830 apartments to 430 and increasing permissible income levels to the point that 60% of the residents are now middle-class. Only 30% of the residents belong to minority groups.

Vicious and Violent. One of the odorous truths of political life in the '70s is that most suburbs ringing the nation's decaying cities are adamantly against high-cost housing. They fear that such housing would bring an influx of the poor, including minorities, into their communities. The town of Hempstead, L.I. (pop. more than 800,000), for example, which adjoins New York City, has been denied \$758,000 in federal aid because it did not propose an acceptable low-income housing program. Admits Francis Purcell, the town's presiding supervisor: "Most of the people in our communities are viciously and violently opposed to having low-income housing. They've all run to get away from the deterioration of New York City."

Even when outsiders are not involved, communities can be meanly defensive. In eastern Massachusetts, the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Boston has been trying since 1972 to build four mixed-income, multifamily, racially integrated projects on its own land. The aim of the plan is to handle local housing needs—not to attract welfare cases from Boston. Yet the local hearings have been acrimonious. In the town of Scituate, opponents of the plan tried to persuade the town to seize the church's land by eminent domain and use it for a cemetery. So far, the church has been able to complete only one development: a 98-unit project in the well-to-do suburb of Beverly.

STABBING VICTIM FRANK MEEHAN



Boston Heats Up Once Again

For a time, the 1974 federal court order decreeing widespread busing of Boston's schoolchildren seemed to be working its will, even if not exactly winning many ardent converts. During the current school year, interracial violence was mostly limited to the prickly South Boston and Charlestown high schools. But an outbreak of racial incidents over the past three weeks has brought a sharp and ugly turn for the worse.

In the first of the incidents, Theodore Landsmark, 29, a black lawyer, was set upon by six white youths who had been demonstrating against busing in front of Boston's modern city hall. Spearing and clubbing Landsmark with a flagpole from which an American flag fluttered wildly, they broke his nose and left him badly cut and bruised. Then two black bus drivers in predominantly white and fiercely antibusing South Boston were beaten by five or six white youths; two white drivers who tried to help defend them were also pummeled.

Last week Richard Poleet, 34, a white Boston mechanic, was driving through the mostly black Roxbury section when 20 to 25 black youths began

ANTI-VIOLENCE PARADE IN BOSTON



THE NATION

stoning his car. The blacks dragged him out of his car and began smashing his face with rocks and pieces of pavement. When police arrived, about 100 blacks were milling around his prostrate body, some shouting, "Let him die!" After working on Poleet for six hours at Boston City Hospital, doctors placed him on the danger list. Two young blacks, aged 19 and 16, were arrested.

City Council President Louise Day Hicks, a fiery busing opponent, blamed the court ruling for Boston's continuing unease. Virginia Sheehy, activist busing foe, accused blacks of inciting the vengeful mood that led to the attack on Poleet. Black State Representative Melvin King condemned Poleet's beating and issued a warning: "Boston is in danger of becoming a city of random, uncontrollable violence."

By last week his fear seemed uncomfortably close to reality. As temperatures rose unseasonably into the nineties, gangs of roving youths in white and black neighborhoods stoned more cars. A 17-year-old mentally retarded girl was struck in the face when a gang of blacks surrounded a car driven by her father and one of them hurled a piece of pavement through the windshield. Admitted to Boston City with a fractured skull, by week's end she was listed in fair condition. Frank Meehan, a white man, was dragged from his car and stabbed by four black youths in the Roslindale section. In an apparently unrelated episode, an explosion ripped through a wall of the municipal courthouse, injuring 19 people, nine seriously enough to be hospitalized. An anonymous female caller had warned courthouse officials of the blast 20 minutes before it happened.

On the March. Hoping to cool emotions, Boston Mayor Kevin White led a "march against violence" through the city's downtown. "If you are against violence, come," said White. "If you are for violence, you are not wanted." Co-sponsored by Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, the march drew Senators Edward Kennedy and Edward Brooke. Some 30,000 people showed up, and while the march's tone was decidedly positive and the crowds seemed concerned, militant blacks and firm busing foes were notably absent. Whether long-term peace was any closer remained in doubt.

After 20 months of off-again, on-again turmoil, Boston still had precious few ideas from its leaders about settling a dispute that could turn into an urban war. Two state legislators, one white, one black, showed how far apart the antagonists remain. Declared the black: "The violence has strengthened the resolve of the black community. But I think whites are slowly becoming more realistic, in private. There is a recognition that busing is here to stay." Said the white: "There is no less resistance now than there was in 1973—if anything, there is more. If forced busing is here to stay, then there will be no city."



SENATOR JACKSON IN PHILADELPHIA

VICE PRESIDENT ROCKEFELLER

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Rockefeller Swinging Wildly

On several occasions in recent months, during off-the-record sessions with journalists and private meetings with politicians, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller has told a startling story. Communists, he declares, have infiltrated congressional staffs on the Hill.

Rockefeller made this observation to Senator Barry Goldwater during a plane trip last spring. In January, he voiced the same concern to a group of TIME editors and correspondents in Washington. Later, he confided that he was talking about the staff of Henry Jackson, one of the toughest anti-Communists in the capital. Subsequently, Rocky became even more specific and named Richard Perle as a Jackson staffer worth investigating for a leftist or Communist background. At a recent cocktail party for Republicans in Atlanta, the Vice President repeated his general charge, mentioned a "former Communist" who had made a "conversion of convenience," and then—though accounts differ—apparently dropped the name of another Jackson staffer Dorothy Fosdick.

This time, Rocky's off-the-cuff remarks became a matter of public record. A Republican leader who had listened to him at the Georgia gathering got in touch with David Nordan, political editor of the Atlanta Journal. "Don't you think you press guys should expose this?" the Republican demanded. After checking the caller's account with three other individuals who had heard the Vice President's remarks, Nordan pieced the story together and the Journal ran it on Page One last week.

The reaction was

sheer bewilderment. Of all the congressional staffs to be charged with Communist leanings, Jackson's should be about the last to come to mind. Both Fosdick and Perle denied that they had ever been members of the Communist Party or sympathizers. Both have received security clearance giving them access to top-secret material.

No Apology. Fosdick, 63, is a foreign policy expert whose career spans decades. Rocky accused her of working as an assistant to Alger Hiss at the 1945 San Francisco conference that drew up the United Nations Charter. Fosdick contended that she had been chief assistant to the secretary general of the U.S. delegation—and that Rocky knew it. Before she joined Jackson in 1955, she was a member of the State Department's policy planning staff under George Kennan and Paul Nitze.

Perle, 34, who has been working for Jackson since 1969, has a special concern for Soviet dissidents and Jewish emigres. Along with Jackson, he contrived the 1974 trade bill amendment that tied most-favored-nation status with emigration from Russia—which infuriated Moscow as "unacceptable" interference in "the internal affairs of the Soviet Union."

Perle, who called the charges "laughable," said he has never joined an organization further left than the American Civil Liberties Union. "Like Jackson, I have been somewhat to the left on domestic issues, but I have always been hostile to Communism," Fosdick was even more perplexed. She has known Rocky for more than 50 years and



DOROTHY FOSDICK

A stylized illustration of a cowboy on a dark horse, herding a group of cattle across a vast, hazy landscape. The cowboy is wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a yellow jacket with a wide, flowing cape. He holds a lasso in his right hand. The scene is rendered in a painterly style with warm, golden-yellow and brown tones.

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29 reasons why a Mercury Marquis was judged superior overall to an Olds 98 and a Buick Electra.

Based on tests you can do yourself,
37 out of 50 car owners picked a Marquis over a Buick, 40 out of 50 over an Olds.



Last fall, Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute formed a panel of 100 randomly selected men from the Los Angeles area—all owners of standard-size cars—and asked them to compare a 1976 Mercury Marquis Brougham with '76 models of its leading competitors, Buick Electra 225 or Olds 98 LS.

This was a thorough comparison. Each car owner faced a battery of 29 specific tests. Each drove and rode 3.5 miles in total over various road surfaces. Each performed inspections inside and out.

They judged each car's styling, front, rear and sides. They studied instrument panels, door trim and seating. In every test of styling, they judged Marquis superior.

They slammed doors and noted the sound. In this traditional test of solidness, an overwhelming majority judged Marquis more solidly built.



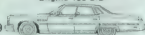
They operated window controls, door handles and locks, interior lights and the parking brake. They loaded the trunk with luggage. In tests like these, they found more convenience built into Marquis.

They drove and rode in the cars to evaluate smoothness, quietness, cornering ability and control. In all tests of handling and driving comfort, Marquis won hands down. Based on all these tests, they rated Marquis superior overall.

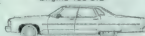
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Engine 455 CID



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Length 232.2" Weight 4786 lb
Engine 455 CID

Test Program	Number Preferring Marquis	Number Preferring Buick	Number Preferring Marquis	Number Preferring Olds
Styling Features				
1 Overall styling	38	12	38	12
2 Front end styling	36	14	32	18
3 Side view styling	33	17	31	19
4 Rear end styling	28	22	33	17
5 Interior styling	37	13	44	6
Ride				
6 Riding comfort	34	16	37	13
7 Handwriting on rough road	31	19	31	19
8 Quietness	40	10	43	7
Handling				
9 Overall driving ease	32	18	33	17
10 Cornering ability	31	19	33	17
11 Right front visibility	34	16	35	15
12 Parking brake	39	11	43	7
13 Windshield washer	34	16	36	14
Quality features				
14 Solidly built	47	3	46	4
15 Carpeting thickness/softness	45	5	41	9
16 Headliner padding	33	17	35	15
17 Sun visor	34	16	39	11
18 Stereo performance	40	10	45	5
Convenience				
19 Spacious/convenient trunk	39	11	38	12
20 Tilt steering wheel operation	19	31	28	22
21 Glove compartment capacity	47	3	47	3
22 Rear window convenience	45	5	50	0
23 Door handle operation	44	6	44	6
24 Comfort/practical front center arm rests	34	16	41	9
25 Ash tray accessibility	36	14	42	8
26 Assist straps convenience	28	22	40	10
27 Key design	44	6	46	4
28 Window/door lock operation	37	13	37	13
29 Interior lighting	47	3	48	2
Superior overall	37	13	40	10

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THE NATION

was never given a hint of his suspicions. Her father, the famed Protestant preacher Harry Emerson Fosdick, had been the Rockefeller family's minister in New York, officiating at Nelson's first marriage and at the funeral of his father, John D. Jr.

Jackson was outraged. "The remarks attributed to you," he wired Rockefeller, "are obviously false and malicious. I demand an immediate apology." Scoop said later: "A man who made the kind of gutless attack he made is the lowest form of humanity." He was especially annoyed that the innuendos came on the eve of the Pennsylvania primary. Rockefeller, however, showed no sign of repentance or even concern. At first, he declined to discuss the issue since he considered his remarks off the record. Then he sent Jackson a message that fell miles short of an apology: "I have made no charges and therefore there are none to be withdrawn."

No Credit. What was Rocky up to? TIME launched an investigation after the January lunch with him and discovered plenty of Soviet activity and efforts at infiltration on the Hill, but no instances of the kind of purposeful working for the Communists that Rockefeller seemed to suggest (TIME, March 22).

Rocky may have been motivated by a desire to protect and support his close friend, Henry Kissinger. The Secretary has no more outspoken congressional foe than Jackson, who shreds the policy of détente on every occasion. It is not inconceivable that Rocky was trying to get back at Jackson by impugning his staff. That, at least, is what Perle suspects. "I know that Kissinger has been complaining about me to all kinds of people," says Perle, who has faulted Kissinger for giving too much away in arms negotiations with the Soviets. "He is quite paranoid about me. He has said that I am out to destroy him."

Some U.S. intelligence sources, TIME has learned, incline toward a different theory. They suggest that the Soviets may be trying to discredit two enemies—Fosdick and Perle (not to mention Jackson)—by passing false information to Kissinger, who then relayed it to Rockefeller. That may credit the Soviets with more precise targeting capability than they deserve.

Whatever the motivation, the episode reflects no credit on Rocky. Not since the worst days of Joe McCarthy has a prominent Washington official taken such a wild swing at other public servants. "It is amazing how quickly the atmosphere of the 1950s can return," mused Fosdick. "All of a sudden, here I am, answering call after call from the press, asking if I or anyone else on the staff is a Communist. And here we are trying to defend ourselves. But it's not up to us to disprove these charges. It's up to Rockefeller to substantiate them. This does not raise personal problems for me. It raises a problem for Nelson Rockefeller." Indeed it does.

DEMOCRATS

Senator Sunday School's Slow Start

As the chartered bus last week chugged along a Nebraska road, a jack rabbit darted out from the underbrush and ran by its side. For a while the race was close, but the bus finally gained on the hare and outdistanced him. Inside the bus, Presidential Candidate Frank Church chuckled over the good omen: "The tortoise is doing it again!"

Idaho's Senator Church, 51, is certainly the tortoise of this year's presidential race. The latest candidate to enter the contest, Church announced only last month, when the real-life rabbits were already well ahead. Before the primaries began, Church's strategy was to offer a fresh face and funds just when the other candidates would presumably be starting to wear out. He has adhered to that strategy, but at this stage he finds Jimmy Carter still looking remarkably bushy-tailed and shrewd old Brer Rabbit Hubert Humphrey poised to jump into the briar patch of presidential politics.

Five Minutes. Much depends on this week's Pennsylvania primary, where Carter claims that his rivals have a "last chance" to stop him. Carter not only has the support of Pittsburgh's mayor Pete Flaherty but also benefits from the fact that Philadelphia's mayor Frank Rizzo, who is Henry Jackson's chief local backer, is under heavy fire at home (see story page 18). Moreover, despite his "ethnic purity" remark, Carter last week won a firm endorsement from Atlanta's black mayor Maynard Jackson, which will not hurt him among Pennsylvania's black voters. Said the Atlanta mayor: "Jimmy Carter appears more liberal than many of those who use the liberal label."

Should Carter eke out a victory in a state with an equal distribution of blue- and white-collar workers and as great an ethnic mix as anywhere else in the nation, he will be well placed to defeat Favorite Son Lloyd Bentsen in the Texas primary at week's end. That would build a perhaps irresistible momentum for Carter—unless he can be slowed by the forces gathering behind Humphrey.

Nothing has quite worked out the way Frank Church intended. He was forced to delay his entry into the race because he was chairing the Senate investigation of the CIA and other intelligence agencies. If he had seemed to wrap up the hearings too hastily, he would have been accused of playing politics with national security. He had hoped his performance as chairman would give his campaign a solid if belated boost, but it did not really get him off the ground.

Church hoped to win attention with a half-hour speech over national TV last week. But he could only wangle five minutes of network time, just before the 11 p.m. newscasts. It was an odd time in

an odd week—one of the few throughout the spring without one or more primaries. With voters taking time out from the campaign onslaught, Church's pivotal speech went all but unnoticed.

Church anticipated making a solid splash in his first primary in Nebraska on May 11 and then going on to other victories in Western states. But his strategy was damaged when the Republican secretary of state put the names of two

DAVID R. CRUTCH



SENATOR FRANK CHURCH
Behind the hares.

non-candidates on the Nebraska ballot: Edward Kennedy and Humphrey. "It would be a political miracle for me to win," Church concedes. "To come in second would be extremely good." Nonetheless, Church is spending more money in Nebraska than any other candidate—some \$100,000 out of a war chest of \$450,000, with an additional \$225,000 in federal matching funds. He was expecting \$100,000 more, but the Supreme Court last week refused to order the release of funds to any candidate until Congress reconstitutes the Federal Election Commission. He is also spending more time in the state—eleven days—than anyone else.

Church is in search of the "folks," as he puts it, and they are not always

easy to find in the great open spaces. In one hour's stretch, while campaigning in Nebraska, his caravan came across a herd of antelope, some buffalo and two horsemen who were moving too fast to be approached. There was not a single human hand to grasp until he reached the "cowboy capital" of Ogallala (pop. 4,976).

To make an impression in places like Ogallala, Church plays up his Western antecedents—though almost 20 years in Washington have largely obscured them. He comes across more as a natty Easterner than a rugged son of the frontier; his speaking voice is too fastidious to have been shaped out of doors. But even if his elocution has developed during years of formal debating, he slips comfortably into a "Howdy, folks" approach. Though he has been a conventional liberal supporter of Big Government programs for most of his Senate career, he claims that he too is mighty suspicious of Big Government. If elected, he promises to cut inheritance taxes so small farms and businesses will not be endangered when their owners die. He pledges to appoint "a farmer, a rancher, a real dirt farmer" as Secretary of Agriculture. He emphasizes his work on the environment and the problems of the aged. Hunters and sportsmen, he declares, have no firmer friend in the Senate—no idle boast since Church is an eloquent and effective Capitol Hill opponent of gun control.

Earnest Oratory. Church stresses his early—1964—opposition to the Viet Nam War. He takes pride in being co-author of the Cooper-Church amendment, which put a limit on American troop participation in the war. Though he insists that he is not a "neoisolationist," he argues that the U.S. must recognize the "failure of the prevailing attitude that anything that happens around the world is our business. It has cost us so much in men and money. And we've only changed the rhetoric since Viet Nam. The Ford Administration remains compulsively interventionist."

Church first won a political victory in 1956, when he challenged Republican Senator Herman Welker, a supporter of Joe McCarthy. Though Idaho is a conservative state in which Republicans outnumber Democrats, Church scored an upset victory. Arriving on Capitol Hill at 32, with the cherubic face and beatific smile of a choirboy, he was often mistaken for a Senate page. His earnest oratory won him the sobriquet of "Senator Sunday School." He proved to be industrious, competent and meticulously attentive to Idaho's interests. He was returned three times to the Senate.

His current presidential try is unlikely to gain him much more than useful publicity, but he is slated to receive a handsome consolation prize. In 1978 Senator John Sparkman, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, is expected to retire, and Church is in line to succeed him.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

How Much Do We Want to Know?

The nation has been informed of the papillomas on Hubert Humphrey's bladder, the chilly bedroom ambience in the Nixon White House, Jimmy Carter's dialogues with God, John Kennedy's sexual appetite, the pot experiments of Jerry Ford's son.

A lot of people are beginning to wonder whether they needed—or wanted—to know about all that. George Christian, who used to be L.B.J.'s press secretary, raised the issue during a round table featuring eight present and former White House press officers at the Johnson Library last week (no conclusion, just a view with alarm). In almost every political rally around the nation, there is a question or two about preserving some privacy for those in the presidency or seeking it.

The fact is that we probably will and should know as much as we possibly can about these people. Since we have placed so large a part of our destiny in the hands of a President, no part of him, from his blood pressure to his thought processes, should escape our scrutiny. Any stockbroker who goes to work in the morning unmindful of an ailing President's fever chart could be sorry by bedtime. It is fair for partisans of the Equal Rights Amendment to use a President's relationship with his wife as a gauge of his sincerity about advancing women's affairs.

We hope that the need to know will be kept within the bounds of good taste. But that line will always be arguable. Meantime, those who seek the presidency had best be conditioned to total examination. It is our way of life now.

One might trace the beginnings of this total-exposure phenomenon to Dwight Eisenhower's two major illnesses during his presidency. First, Ike's heart was examined, chamber by chamber, in prime time. Then, viewers were taken on a tour



of his small intestine, the site of his ileitis. In family matters, however, Ike remained aloof. It was John Kennedy who saw that the cozy private world of public men—where they could talk one way and act another—was bound to end. He submitted to the rising demands to know. He opened up, a bit, on his family and his finances and his case of Addison's disease. But, as we have learned recently, Kennedy still kept much of his private world walled away.

Lyndon Johnson took almost anybody and everybody right into his bedroom, swimming pool and office. But when accounts of his earthy language, his drinking and his outrageous travel habits began to get around the country, he thought he had been violated. In fact, those accounts barely scratched the surface.

Richard Nixon, who claimed he understood that a President gave himself totally to his country ("like taking religious vows," he once insisted), schemed to create a secret White House beyond public knowledge. Ironically, when the fortress collapsed, it turned out that Nixon had documented his private utterances better than any other President, and the public dissection of Nixon that is now under way is the most painfully detailed scrutiny of any President, but also one of the most instructive.

Jerry Ford, who in many ways has proved quite responsive to the times in which he lives, has presented the profiles of his health, his spirit, his mind, his family with unprecedented candor. Just last week he revealed that 42% of his gross income of \$250,000 was paid last year in federal, state and local taxes—a total of \$106,500. In the old days that was not done. But now it is a necessary measure of whether a politician puts his money where his mouth is, the enduring test of sincerity.



HAIG

BUZHARDT

SEARS

BULL

COLSON

GARMENT

WATERGATE

'Deep Throat': Narrowing the Field

Nowhere do secrets have a higher mortality rate than in Washington, D.C. The capital swarms with leaking bureaucrats and a prying press corps. Incurable gossips are wall to wall. Yet one mystery has proved as snoop-resistant as it is tantalizing: the identity of "Deep Throat," the shadowy underground-garage habitué who is currently providing the same suspense in the film version of *All the President's Men* that he brought to the bestselling Watergate book by the Washington *Post's* reporting duo.

The movie and the new Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein book, *The Final Days* (TIME, March 29), have combined to revive the search for the tattler-patriot who served the Nixon Administration while helping to bring it down. In surreptitious pre-dawn meetings during the unraveling of Watergate, as Woodward tells it, Deep Throat often confirmed and occasionally volunteered devastating information learned in his "sensitive" Government post.

There is no shortage of suspects in

the guessing game of who Deep Throat was—or of skeptics. "I would expect it was a composite," muses former Nixon Attorney James St. Clair. Onetime Nixon Aide John Ehrlichman grouses: "It would be a great day for America to finally know the identity of one of Woodward and Bernstein's sources." Reviewing *The Final Days*, Political Writer Richard Reeves argues in the *New York Times*: "I have never been convinced that Deep Throat existed. The whole thing was too much like an old newspaper tactic that I have used myself, inventing a secret source. . . . If there is a Deep Throat, he's worth \$10 million on the hoof." Woodward declares that there is a Deep Throat who will be known some day (see box). Says *Post* Executive Editor Benjamin Bradlee: "I know he exists." But not even Bradlee knows who he is.

Assuming Deep Throat does exist, one way to play the guessing game is to narrow the field by identifying men with access to the kind of information that

Deep Throat provided Woodward. Such information ranges from Deep Throat's June 1972 tip that E. Howard Hunt Jr. was involved in the Watergate break-in, to his November 1973 disclosure that there were erasures on the White House tapes. Woodward's source also knew who controlled a special fund at the Committee for the Re-Election of the President (C.R.P.); that White House intelligence-gathering activities involved at least 50 people; that John Mitchell feared he was "ruined" ten days after the Watergate break-in; and that witnesses had perjured themselves before the Watergate grand jury.

That litany strongly suggests that Deep Throat operated in the White House, which knew about Hunt before the FBI did and about the tape erasures before the Justice Department, the courts and the special prosecutor did. Some at the White House also knew about the special \$350,000 secret fund at C.R.P. eventually used as hush money for the Watergate burglars long before investigators did.

One White House official who appears to have been a generous source for *The Final Days* is former Counsel J. Fred Buzhardt, who emerges as a hero

Woodward on the Record—Sort of

Though he has proved himself a probing, tenacious reporter, Bob Woodward bitterly resents being on the receiving end of an interview if the subject is Deep Throat. But last week, as speculation swirled anew about his phantom Watergate source, Woodward reluctantly agreed to a terse session with TIME Correspondent Hays Gorey.

Q. Given all that has happened, do you feel you owe the American people any additional evidence of your credibility such as the identity of Deep Throat?

A. No. And I don't think reporters trying to identify other reporters' sources is the noblest kind of journalism.

Q. Isn't Deep Throat more than just another "source"? How do we know he exists?

A. My editors at the [Washington] *Post* know he exists—though they don't know

who he is. From the beginning, I typed up detailed memos of our interviews on six-ply paper for in-house distribution. This was before Howie [Post Managing Editor Howard Simons] nicknamed him Deep Throat. He was "X" or "Mr. X" then.

Q. Does Carl Bernstein know who he is?

A. Carl knows.

Q. Did Deep Throat help on the new book [*The Final Days*]?

A. I won't answer that. It might help you.

Q. Since the time frames of the two books overlap, you must certainly have used Deep Throat for the second book—or else he is a composite.

A. There is a Deep Throat, and he is not a composite.

Q. Why doesn't he come forth?

A. When we wrote *All the President's Men*, he declined to be named.

Q. For what reasons?

A. He has a career in government. He thinks that while he might be a hero to some, he would be a rat or a snitcher in some eyes.

Q. Will he ever go public?

A. Some day he'll come forth. If he were to die, I would feel obliged to reveal his identity. Some day he'll write a really fascinating book. Carl and I would like to work on it with him.

Q. Many of your colleagues still think you made him up.

A. Well, the ultimate test ought to be: Were our stories credible? Was our book credible? Have they held up?

Q. Why did Deep Throat help you?

A. It was an act of conscience—a result of his own disillusionment.

THE NATION

in the book after criticism elsewhere for hangdog loyalty long after he was aware of Nixon's involvement.

Other sources who could have been Deep Throat by the White House test include Counsel Leonard Garment; Chief of Staff Alexander Haig Jr. or, more likely, someone close to him; Speech Writers Raymond Price, Patrick Buchanan, Benjamin Stein, Franklin Gannon and David Gergen; Haldeman Aide Lawrence Higby; Telecommunications Director Clay Whitehead; National Security Aide Brent Scowcroft; and Domestic Adviser Kenneth Cole Jr. An outside possibility is John Sears, who retained excellent White House sources after his departure as a Nixon counsel in 1969, and whose cigarette-smoking and Scotch-drinking habits, while common enough, correspond to those attributed to Deep Throat.

But if Woodward's story on the tape gaps indeed came from Deep Throat—as he has written it did—then that narrows the circle further. Awareness of the erasures was limited at first to Nixon, Rose Mary Woods, Stephen Bull, Haig—and three men then serving as Nixon's lawyers: Samuel Powers, Garment and Buzhardt. Though he was long gone from the White House, Charles Colson is also known to have learned of the tape gaps soon after their discovery by Buzhardt.

Nixon and Woods are non-starters. Powers' service in the White House was too brief for him to have been Deep Throat. Bull, though a possibility, was much younger and much less cynical than the source Woodward describes. That leaves Buzhardt, Haig, Garment and Colson. Yet all seem too well known to roam the streets of Washington at odd hours, and it is difficult to imagine, say, the dignified Haig lurking in a garage at 3 a.m. or furtively filching Woodward's New York Times by 7 a.m. to draw a clock face on page 20 indicating the hour they would meet. If Deep Throat was a single person and not a composite, therefore, he most likely was someone with intimate ties to one or possibly more of the above four men.

Whoever he is, for 46 months he has been living with a secret as intriguing as any he revealed to help drive Richard Nixon from office.

PHILADELPHIA

Brotherly Hate

In this week's pivotal Pennsylvania primary, Mayor Frank Rizzo was hoping to play kingmaker for his friend Senator Henry Jackson. But the burly Rizzo—who vowed during his own campaign last year that "I will make Attila the Hun look like a faggot" and won re-election with 57% of the vote—has got himself into deep political trouble. A former cop and police commissioner from South Philly's tough "Little Italy" dis-



MAYOR FRANK RIZZO
Trying to unseat the kingmaker.

trict, Rizzo, 55, is accused of failing to uphold law-and-order in the city. Having campaigned on the slogan "He held taxes down," he is now advocating harsh new levies. So sharply has his honor's popularity plunged that a Philadelphia Bulletin poll published in mid-April gave him an anemic 27% approval rating among those surveyed.

Rizzo's most recent trouble began in March with a satiric and rather rough column in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* that portrayed him as a swaggering pol who spoke and thought like Archie Bunker Rizzo looks tough, even hobbling around with the aid of a cane (the result of a broken hip suffered during an oil-refinery explosion in Philadelphia last October). He also talks tough, in his 1971 "law-'n'-order" campaign, he called his opponents "bleeding hearts, dangerous radicals, pinkos and faggots." In certain respects, to be sure, the comparison is hardly apt. Rizzo, who favors costly conservative clothes, looks less like Archie than like Spiro Agnew, and enjoys good liquor and luxuries of all kinds. He and his rarely seen wife rule over a big, expensive house in fancy Chestnut Hill (Rizzo denies persistent reports that he spent up to \$410,000 to buy it and fix it up). He will not even say "hell" in the presence of a woman, but when he is with the boys he can swear with the best of them—especially at the newspapers.

Denouncing the *Inquirer* piece as

"treasonable" and "garbage journalism," he sued the newspaper for \$6 million in libel damages. Five days later, 250 members of the pro-Rizzo Building and Construction Trades Council blockaded the *Inquirer* building for ten hours, stopped distribution of two editions and beat up two of the paper's photographers. City police stood on the sidelines until federal marshals arrived with an injunction against the demonstrators. The *Inquirer* sued the union, mayor and police department for damages. Disclaiming responsibility, Rizzo said that he had not ordered the police to intervene because the construction workers were merely engaging in a "labor dispute" with the *Inquirer*.

The episode moved many Philadelphians to launch a campaign for Rizzo's recall. Led by Lawyer Charles Bowser, who was deputy mayor in a previous administration, the recall campaign has picked up support from many liberals, blacks and others who have long disliked Rizzo because of his disdain for civil liberties and his blatant use of patronage. Ten days ago former Mayor and U.S. Senator Joseph Clark blasted Rizzo as "a rascal, a liar, a man who is ignorant, arrogant and stupid."

Clark signed the first recall petition. But the anti-Rizzo legions still face the difficult task of gathering 145,000 valid petition signatures within 60 days for a recall referendum. The odds are against Rizzo's being unseated, but there is no doubt that he is in the worst mess of his political career.

Budget Deficit. Rizzo is also losing support because of his inept handling of the city's fiscal crisis. In his first term, he increased the number of city employees by nearly 12%, and most of the 3,787 jobs he created were patronage positions. In 1975 he granted 20,000 city workers a 12.8% pay hike, while insisting that Philadelphia had no financial problems. Yet one month after beginning his second term, Rizzo discovered a budget deficit of \$80 million and proclaimed a "fiscal emergency." Since then he has asked for 20% increases in city payroll taxes, boosts of up to 50% in real estate taxes, and a raise in transit fares from 35c to 50c. He has urged layoffs of 500 to 1,000 city employees.

The proposals have hurt Rizzo most among members of his own working-class constituency, who stand to bear the heaviest tax burden. The mayor has survived earlier furors—including those raised by journalistic investigations into spending for improvements on his house and his use of city police to hector political opponents. But this one may well frustrate his long-held ambition to become Governor of Pennsylvania.

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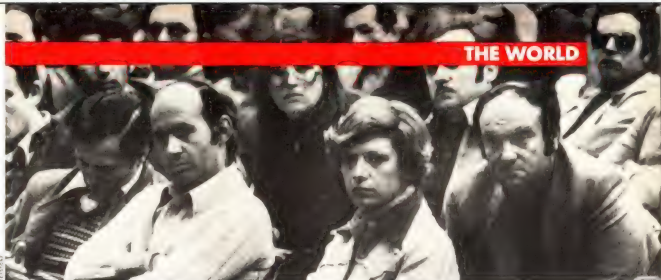


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MEMBERS OF MILITANT METALWORKERS UNION AT MEETING IN ROME TO DISCUSS ONE-DAY NATIONAL STRIKE

ITALY

A Compromise Fails, a Showdown Looms

After a long Easter weekend that gave Italians a brief respite from their unending political crisis, millions of people, including most of the country's politicians, piled into Fiat's last week and inched along traffic-choked roads leading from the seashore or mountains back to the cities. When they finally reached home, they found that the political situation had deteriorated even further. The main political parties were unable to agree on a common program to deal with the country's deteriorating economy. There were new incidents of urban terrorism and still more charges of corruption leveled against the top political leadership. The latest events could only harm the teetering Christian Democratic government of Premier Aldo Moro and increase the chances that the Communists—for the first time since 1948—could soon have a formal role in the national government.

Disturbing Prospect. The big question of the week would there be a dissolution of Parliament and early elections? If so, the results of the vote could give the powerful Communist Party a major role in whatever new government was formed, even Cabinet-level positions. In order to forestall that disturbing prospect, the Christian Democrats, led by Party Secretary Benigno Zaccagnini, had devised a scheme. They would push the idea of limited consultations between the parties—including the Communists—to agree on a common economic policy. Such a plan would avoid the need for early elections and provide a convenient way to gain the support of the Communists for economic measures without actually admitting them into the governing majority—an expedient "mini-compromise," as the plan is called in Italy.

One day, Zaccagnini holed up with burly Socialist Leader Francesco de Martino. Emerging from the Christian Democrats' parliamentary offices after three hours, De Martino would only say "There is something new in the C.D. proposals, but differences still remain." The Socialists, fearful of being squeezed into impotence by informal agreement between the Christian Democrats and the Communists, nonetheless continued to push for early elections.

The Communists were initially more receptive to Zaccagnini's efforts—mainly because they prefer an informal accommodation with the Christian Democrats to an attempt, during the current crisis, to wield power formally. But of late matters have become more complicated. The Christian Democrats' election two weeks ago of former Premier Amintore Fanfani (an uncompromising anti-Communist) as president of the party's national council deeply angered the Communists. "We proposed our own broad 'political accord' on all major issues for the duration of this legislature," explained Giorgio Napolitano, a leading Communist, "but the Christian Democrats said yes to Mr. Fanfani and no to us." Zaccagnini and Communist Leader Enrico Berlinguer, after a summit meeting last week, were unable to reach an accommodation. Finally, after two full days of heated wrangling, the Christian Democrats decided to ask for a showdown confidence vote in Parliament this week. That was tantamount to admitting that the only recourse was early elections.

Meanwhile, a new scandal burst upon the Christian Democrats. A U.S. Senate Committee report on the Lockheed affair was delivered to the Italian Parliament and sensational—and still

unsubstantiated—portions were leaked to the press. Apparently, Lockheed had made payoffs through an Italian official code-named "Antelope Cobbler," an Italian Premier who held office some time between 1965 and 1969. Unfortunately for the Christian Democrats, the men who served as Premier in that period were none other than Premier Aldo Moro, present President Giovanni Leone and current Foreign Minister Mariano Rumor—the three top officials in the country. All heatedly denied any involvement with Lockheed. Nonetheless, the charges were likely to erode further public confidence in the Christian Democratic Party.

Daylight Assault. Punctuating all the politicking, terrorism was on the increase. Though vigilante squads formed by the Communist labor unions seemed to have halted the arson incidents that have plagued such northern industrial cities as Milan and Turin, the situation took an ugly turn in Rome. Giovanni Theodoli, the head of Chevron Oil Italiana and president of the country's petroleum association, was attacked in his car by a young man and a woman and shot eight times in the legs and a hand. Theodoli survived, but the brazen daylight assault, by a group calling itself the "Armed Communist Formations," sent a shiver of fear through the Italian business community.

Ironically, the heightened fears of extremist-provoked disorders will probably further damage the stature of the Christian Democrats, who seem unable to stem Italy's continuing slide into chaos. Inevitably, that means that ever larger numbers of Italians will look to the effective, disciplined Communist Party as the only force capable of ending the country's crisis.

'Communists Shouldn't Panic Us'

The patriarch of the huge Fiat automobile empire, Gianni Agnelli, 55, is perhaps Italy's most influential industrialist. He is also one of the country's most astute and articulate analysts of political affairs. Last week, in an interview with TIME, Chief European Correspondent William Rademakers and Rome Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante, Agnelli spoke out on some of the major problems facing Italy today.

Q. What is your assessment of the Italian crisis?

A. Italy needs an austerity program. It is the only country in Europe where in the past two or three years wages, in real terms, have continued to go up. And they are still going up. We shall have an inflation rate of between 18% and 20%. The rest of Europe will have an average of something under 7%—a 3-to-1 difference. This makes it difficult for Italy to stay in the same community unless we can do something about it—pass an austerity program. But it's difficult to get an austerity program without a national consensus, and we can't get a national consensus unless we have the parties of the left tied one way or the other with the government, backing the government or in some program close to the government.

Q. Does this mean you expect to see the Communists in the Italian government?

A. We definitely don't want Communist participation in the government—definitely not. But we would like the Communist Party or the trade unions to commit themselves in some way to a joint program with the conventional parties to push through tax reforms, investment in the infrastructure, more employment, and so forth. I don't think we should panic about the Communists. Communist behavior depends to a great extent on what we do. If we panic, if industrialists get nervous and stop investment, if some people get out of the

country, it makes the Communist position more authoritative; it gives the public the impression that the only stable force is the Communist Party.

Q. What about the American attitude toward Communists in power?

A. It's rather difficult for the Americans to understand what is happening in Italy because America never had a serious Communist party. The Italian Communist Party has really been the only opposition party to the Christian Democrats since the second World War. This is why we have had the Christian Democrats in power for 30 years—because of the impossibility of the alternative. At the same time, that role in opposition has made the Italian Communists milder, different, trying to prove that they could be an acceptable alternative in Western society, which is a situation different from that of any other Communist party in the world. I'm not saying they are acceptable, but they are surely trying to become so. When a party has one-third of the voters in a country, it represents a vast spectrum of the electorate, not necessarily just the working class. This different category of voters—intellectuals, middle class and others—also makes the Italian Communist Party different from the American popular impression of Communism.

Q. What about Secretary of State Kissinger's strong warnings against Communist participation in the Italian government?

A. I think the official position of the U.S. can only be what it has been, saying that Italy is free to choose the government it desires, but that if the Communists come to power the American attitude toward Italy will have to be reappraised. I think if Kissinger changed that attitude it would be disturbing, because it would be interpreted to mean that the Communist Party has the blessing of the U.S. But if the Communist Party ever came into government, I believe the U.S. would behave in a totally different way. They know it and we all know it.

Q. What impact would Communists in the government have on NATO?

A. The Italian Communists say they would not walk out of NATO. Personally, I think that when you have NATO countries with Communists in power, it becomes a different NATO. I think that would really call for a total revision of the nature of the alliance. Among other things, we could conceive of NATO as having among its aims that of defending the Western Communist parties from the influence of Moscow.



WOUNDED RHODESIAN SOLDIER

AFRICA

Rhodesia: A Strike At the Lifeline

"There are no massacres or blood-baths, no massive terrorist force build-ups, no panic or hysteria, no queues of people leaving the country. Journalists can travel safely with no fears of bomb explosions." That was the confident message of a propaganda letter recently printed up by Prime Minister Ian Smith's white minority regime in Rhodesia for circulation abroad. Last week that confidence was somewhat shaken. Apparently slipping across the Mozambique border, black terrorists roamed 85 miles inside Rhodesia, killed three whites, wounded two, and severed the only direct railroad link to South Africa. It was the deepest penetration of Rhodesia by black nationalists since they began raids from Mozambique in 1972.

Land Mine. The band of 20 guerrillas, dressed in uniforms similar to those of Rhodesian security guards, began their rampage on Easter Sunday. Stationing themselves on the Great North Road at a point some 70 miles north of the South African border, they began stopping cars and robbing the occupants. One of the robberies was interrupted by the arrival of two motorcycles, each carrying two white South Africans. Possibly mistaking the newcomers for plainclothes security forces, the guerrillas immediately opened fire, killing three male cyclists and wounding their 19-year-old woman companion. At the same time, the guerrillas detonated a grenade atop a land mine placed under the tracks of the Rhodesia-South Af-



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RHODESIAN TRAIN AFTER DERAILMENT BY GUERRILLAS
The downhill road becoming slippery with blood.

rica railroad—just as a freight train was passing. The blast derailed the train and destroyed a section of the track. Three days later, terrorists fired at a farmer in a passing car, wounding him in the shoulder.

The railroad—which is now patrolled by security guards on foot—is back in operation within 24 hours. But the terrorist attack will probably be costly to Rhodesia's already struggling economy; it could discourage visitors from South Africa, who contribute heavily to Rhodesia's \$40 million-a-year tourist industry. The incidents also clearly illustrated the vulnerability of Rhodesia's lifelines to South Africa, which have become even more important since Mozambique closed its borders with Rhodesia last month (see following story). In fact, Salisbury now depends on the South African rail link for all of its oil and ammunition and most of its imports.

Threatening Calls. Usually complacent Rhodesian whites were shaken by the incident. Declared a bank clerk in Salisbury who had just returned from military-reserve duty on the border where Rhodesian troops are deployed in force: "This is just not possible. We're supposed to have everything buttoned up." Others vented their anger on black militants. Elliott Gabellah, who heads the external wing of the African National Council inside Rhodesia, appealed for police protection after he received several threatening phone calls.

South Africa, too, was aroused over the murder of its nationals. Prime Minister John Vorster, who has been urging Smith to negotiate a settlement on black majority rule, warned the terrorists not to go too far. Killing innocent tourists, he said, "can only unleash forces which could have far-reaching effects." Increasingly, South Africans were worried about the growing Rhodesian crisis. Editorialized Johannesburg's *Rand Daily Mail*: "Having let slip one chance after another of reaching an accommodation with more moderate black leaders, Rhodesia's whites seem to have made the tragic choice of facing black nationalism

over the barrel of a gun rather than the conference table. The downhill road toward a race war in Rhodesia is becoming increasingly slippery with blood."

Smith's intransigence—and how to deal with it—will be a top-priority matter for discussion this week when Secretary of State Henry Kissinger begins a two-week swing through the black African nations of Zambia, Kenya, Tanzania, Zaïre, Ghana, Liberia and Senegal. Before leaving Washington, Kissinger said he would stress both U.S. commitment to a policy of black majority rule in Rhodesia and U.S. determination to prevent further Soviet or Cuban involvement in African affairs.

But time may be growing short for a peaceful transition to black rule in Rhodesia. Across the 800-mile-long border with Mozambique, 3,000 armed, trained and increasingly bold black Rhodesian guerrillas stand ready to attack. At least 5,000 more, in a half-dozen camps, are being trained by Chinese and Mozambican advisors to make deadly forays back into their white-dominated homeland.

MOZAMBIQUE PRESIDENT SAMORA MACHEL



Mozambique: Trouble at Home

Even as Mozambique steps up its efforts to train Rhodesian guerrillas and help them infiltrate and harass the white-ruled nation, it is itself slipping deeper into an economic and political morass. President Samora Machel's decision last month to close his border with Rhodesia and proclaim a 'state of war' deprived landlocked Rhodesia of vital rail links to the sea, and is forcing it into a virtual siege economy. But the move will also cost Mozambique at least \$50 million a year in Rhodesian transit and rail revenues and up to \$30 million annually brought back by Mozambican workers in Rhodesia, which together account for about a quarter of the country's foreign-exchange earnings.

The country's new economic troubles pose a dilemma for Machel, who was already facing rising dissent at home over one of the harshest austerity programs ever imposed by an African government on its people. When Mozambique won its independence from Portugal last June, its future looked relatively bright compared with that of Lisbon's other African territories. Unlike Angola, which became engulfed in a civil war among three liberation movements, Mozambique had only one major force fighting for independence—Frelimo (Front for the Liberation of Mozambique). Frelimo leaders made seemingly sincere requests to whites to stay on and help build the new country.

Breakneck Pace. Unpersuaded more than half of the 220,000 whites left before independence. As a result, Mozambique is almost without skilled and professional workers. There are now fewer than 1,000 trained administrators and only 15 medical doctors for a population of 8.5 million people. Machel, 42, a onetime medical orderly who led the struggle for independence and became the country's first President, set about at breakneck pace to convert Mozambique into what he calls "Africa's first Marxist state." All land was nationalized. The large colonial plantations, which supported more than half of the population, were organized into collective farms. But, reports one visitor, "nobody can agree on how they are to be run, so production from the land is at a virtual standstill. While the bureaucrats argue, nobody does any planting."

Food production is down by 75% in some areas. Bread, rice, milk and eggs are in short supply. Production of major cash crops like sugar and cotton is off at least 50%. Investment has been scared away, unemployment has soared, and the last remaining whites (two number fewer than 30,000) are scrambling to get out.

Thousands of people have been packed off to "re-education centers."



MEMBERS OF ISRAELI GUSH EMUNIN MARCHING ON WEST BANK WHILE RAMALLAH ARABS CARRY COFFIN TO FUNERAL

where Machel's brand of Marxism is taught with a heavy and sometimes brutal hand. Machel does not coddle even his own supporters. He has warned that many workers might have to toil for as long as three years without pay "for we are without funds to reward your labors." After independence, Frelimo soldiers were given the choice of leaving the service without pay for their years in the guerrilla movement or of staying in the service—also without pay. Says Machel: "We cannot tolerate a bourgeoisie in Mozambique, even a black one."

At least three opposition groups have since been created by bitter former followers of Machel. One Makonde tribesman from the north told TIMI Nairobi Bureau Chief Lee Griggs, "I fought seven years with Samora in the bush. I believed in his vision of liberation and hard work. But now my family is worse off than when the Portuguese were there."

Rallying Round. For now, most Mozambicans seem to be concerned enough about the threat of war with Rhodesia to rally round Machel. Radio broadcasts carry frequent reports of villagers digging bomb shelters in preparation for an aerial attack from Rhodesia. Radio Mozambique has even taken to beaming a five-minute nightly commentary to its next-door neighbor. The announcer, a Scotsman named Iain Christie, has been christened "Lord Macduff" by scoffing listeners in Rhodesia for statements like "Enjoy your ill-gotten gains while you can, Rhodesians. In the new Zimbabwe [the African name for Rhodesia], your doom is sealed."

Yet Machel shows no signs of actually wanting a war, and with good reason. Though Moscow recently delivered two shiploads of armored cars, 122-mm. mobile rocket launchers and SA-7 shoulder-fired missiles, Machel's poorly trained 10,000-man army is ill-equipped to handle them.

ISRAEL

The Descendants of Abraham

Across the stony, sere landscape, the marchers trudged last week—40,000 strong. They were young and old, parents with infants, grandparents with dogs and cats, lovers holding hands. They carried sleeping bags, musical instruments, rifles, pistols and submachine guns. As black clouds stacked up over the Samaritan foothills, a chill wind whipped through the marchers' ranks; many of the men had to secure their yarmulkes (skullcaps) with bobby pins. Still, they were in a festive mood, strumming guitars and singing patriotic songs around their campfires. From all over Israel, they had descended upon the ancient city of Jericho for a 24-mile march to the town of Bethel. At Bethel, ten miles north of Jerusalem, they erected a large white banner. It read: "The Lord said unto Abraham: 'Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and the breadth of it, for I will give it unto you.'"

The marchers, most of whom are Orthodox Jews, belong to Israel's Gush Emunim (Group of the Faithful), who take Jehovah's commandment from the *Book of Genesis* with fanatic literalness. To them, it means that Jews, as Abraham's descendants, have a God-given birthright to the West Bank of the Jordan. For it was at Bethel that the Lord is said to have commanded Abraham.

Other people who also believe they are descendants of Abraham, the Israeli-occupied West Bank's 650,000 Arabs, were outraged by the march and what it symbolized. In Ramallah, about three miles south of the festive marchers at Bethel, throngs of Arabs from all over the West Bank gathered to mourn the death of a Ramallah man and a boy and show their solidarity against the

Gush Emunim marchers and the Israeli occupation. The man, Kalil Issa, 42, was gunned down on the main street of Ramallah by a local councilman suspected of collaborating with the Israeli occupiers. The boy, Jamil Arafat Hamis Jum, 6, had been killed by Israeli soldiers quelling an Arab demonstration against the killing of Issa. (The Israelis claimed that a soldier's gun went off accidentally, but the Arabs charged that the soldiers had fired deliberately.)

P.L.O. Flags. As the mourners carried the two coffins through the dusty streets to the stone Ramallah mosque, demonstrators sympathetic with the outlawed Palestine Liberation Organization appeared, waving P.L.O. flags and a banner reading NO SETTLEMENT IN PALESTINE. In many other West Bank towns, villagers angered by the Gush Emunim march set up roadblocks of flaming tires and threw rocks at Israeli troops. In Nablus, Israeli soldiers opened fire on rioters, killing one Palestinian and wounding nine others.

Though anti-Israeli demonstrations by West Bank Arabs had been increasing since February, the march clearly provoked last week's riots. Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin called Gush Emunim's action a challenge to government authority and a needless affront to Arab sensitivities. Still, the government has been ambivalent about the extremist group's wish to settle on West Bank soil. It has been unable—or unwilling—to prevent the zealots from stealthily moving tents and equipment into the occupied territories and staking out three sites that are now existing communities. While condemning these illegal settlements, the government itself has sanctioned 58 Jewish paramilitary settle-

ments, 16 of them in the Jordan Valley—despite arguments by the U.S. that these communities will make more difficult the return of captured lands in any Middle East peace agreement.

In fact, the Rabin government may privately welcome the Gush Emunim's dramatic demonstrations for Jewish settlements; Jerusalem can then explain to Washington that it cannot oppose the people's will. On the day after the march, the Premier toured the official settlements along the Jordan River and declared that "the establishment of settlements along this line makes it the defense line of Israel."

LEBANON

The Patience of Job

It was carnage as usual in Beirut last week as Lebanon's 25th cease-fire in a year began with shelling, sniping and an opening-day death toll of 110. Moslem leftists advanced on the Christian-held port quarter of the capital by blowing a passage through already battle-scarred buildings, rather than moving through the streets. The city's international airport, under Moslem control, became a target for the first time when a dozen mortar rounds crashed into a hangar area, wounding seven and setting a Boeing 707 freighter on fire. Hopes were briefly raised when units of Syrian-controlled Palestine Liberation Army troops took up some buffer positions between Christian and Moslem lines, but artillery continued to whine and crash through the city, and the death toll for the week climbed to nearly 500.

The week of bloodshed was climaxed by a hopeful gesture on the political front. Christian Maronite President Suleiman Franjeh, finally acceding to pressures from both Moslems and his own supporters, agreed to sign a constitutional amendment providing for the early election of a new head of state. To virtually all parties, Franjeh's replacement is an essential prerequisite to any political settlement. Indeed, before Franjeh ended his holdout last week, Moslem Leftist Leader Kamal Jumblatt had issued a grim ultimatum: he would form "a revolutionary government" and "liberate" Christian strongholds unless the President left office by May 2.

The intransigence of the Christian rightists had also caused irritation in Damascus. Observed Syrian Information Minister Ahmad Iskander: "If President Assad and Syria did not have the patience of Job, we would have stopped [peace-keeping] efforts long ago." However frustrating the task, Assad is not expected to abandon his efforts in Lebanon. For one thing, he is concerned that more radical Arabs, such as the Iraqis and the Libyans, may make further inroads in a country that Syria would like to keep strictly within its own sphere of influence. An unstable or radical Arab

regime in Lebanon would not only increase Syrian defense burdens but quite possibly drag Assad into unwanted new confrontations with Israel.

Assad's most likely course would seem to be a continuation of the cautious moves he has made throughout the crisis—a mix of political pressure and persuasion, backed by a limited troop presence inside Lebanon. Though White House Press Secretary Ron Nessen last week praised Syria for "playing a constructive role" in Lebanon, Damascus was emphatic in putting down suggestions that Assad had received from Washington a "green light" for greater military intervention. As one Syrian official recently put it, "We only want to be the gendarme."

DIPLOMACY

A New Romance

When Egypt's President Anwar Sadat canceled his country's friendship treaty with the Soviet Union in March, he gave China a long-awaited chance to develop its own special relationship with Egypt. Within days after Sadat's action, Peking announced that it would give Sadat 30 new engines for Egypt's aging Soviet-built MIGs—a direct slap at the Soviets, who had refused to supply spare parts for the planes and had forbidden India to do so.

The romance between China and Egypt came into full bloom last week. The two countries signed a pact under which Peking, in addition to supplying an undisclosed amount of military hardware to Cairo, will provide \$50 million worth of strategic raw materials for Egyptian industry and boost Sino-Egyptian trade from \$450 million in 1975 to more than \$600 million this year. The signing of the agreement capped a six-day visit to Peking by Egyptian Vice President Hosny Mubarak. Declared the

Egyptian at his farewell banquet in Peking: "She [China] proves not only by words but also by deeds that she faithfully fulfills her obligations."

Despite the glowing communiques, China is not in a position to give Egypt the kind of sophisticated military hardware it needs to counter Israel's U.S.-supplied forces. The Chinese used to produce MIG-17s and can help Egypt with spare parts for those near-obsolete planes. They also have a modified version of the MIG-21, but they are equipped with engines that are not adaptable to Egypt's Soviet-built MIG-21s. Admits one observer: "The Chinese may be able to supply a nut or a bolt here and there, but nothing big enough to solve Egypt's arms problem." That means the Egyptians will still have to look to Western Europe and the U.S. for most of their new military hardware. Still, with the signing, Sadat's anti-Soviet posture has been even more clearly defined. He is now closer to Moscow's enemies both on the right (the U.S.) and on the left (China). The agreement, which after the break with Russia again allies Egypt with a Communist giant, could also make Sadat somewhat more palatable to the Arab left.

Major Foothold. China may benefit even more. The pact with Egypt provides a long-sought, major foothold for Peking in the Arab world. China has wanted to extend its influence into the Mediterranean for at least a decade. Until now its advances to the Arabs have been rebuffed, at least partly by Saudi Arabian suspicions of Communists and Egypt's need, in the face of massive Israeli military superiority, to acquire Soviet weapons technology. Concludes TIME Hong Kong Correspondent David Aikman: "In Peking, there must be only smiles. China has replaced Moscow as Egypt's ally, put its foot into a brand new region of the world and achieved its most significant diplomatic coup since entering the U.N."

CHINESE PREMIER HUA KUO-FENG AND EGYPT'S MUBARAK AT BANQUET IN PEKING



COVER STORY

ROYALTY

The Allure Endures

By George and all his kin, it will be a royal Bicentennial. In fond, forgiving tribute to the nation that rejected monarchy 200 years ago, nine of Europe's ten reigning families will have visited the U.S. by year's end. Preparing for one of the biggest convergences of royalty since the days when regal retinues descended on Paris or Vienna for *fiat Empire*, monarchs in palaces from Copenhagen's Amalienborg to Madrid's Zarzuela are brushing up on such transatlantic lore as Queen Elizabeth's relationship to George Washington (second cousin seven times removed) and the name of U.S.S. *Monitor*'s designer (Swedish-born John Ericsson)—or on the nuances of the English language as it is spoken in Paris, Texas, and Vienna, III.

Their Majesties' speeches and itineraries are being prepared with surpassing delicacy, bearing in mind that most Americans' forebears were happy to flee monarchical regimes. Once here, the visitors will be interminably gossip-columned, misquoted, misaddressed and mispronounced. Yet wherever they go, they will excite the special rapture that republican hearts seem to reserve for crowned heads.

Belgium's King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola were the first sceptered pair to visit the U.S. in 1976, followed this month by Sweden's rambling Rex, Carl XVI Gustaf, on a 26-day, 26-stop itinerary that would sap a Saab. Denmark's Queen Margrethe and Prince Henrik will arrive May 9 for a nine-city tour winding up in the U.S. Virgin Islands, which were hornswoggled from their country for \$25 million in 1916. Norway's Crown Prince Harald and Princess Sonja will explore Leif Ericson's land in June; earlier the same month, Spain's new King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia will visit President Ford in Washington, so, commemorating 1776 not 1812, will Queen Elizabeth II and

Prince Philip. Monaco's Prince Rainier and Princess Grace will be in New York for Independence Day.

Times and thrones have changed since Walter Bagehot, the 19th century British political analyst, said of royalty: "In its mystery is its life. We must not let daylight in upon magic." Royal houses, which once saw outside light only when their occupants were wedded, beheaded, deported or deposed, today are almost constantly flooded. Queen Elizabeth's younger sister Margaret is squired by a swinger 17 years her junior, and the princess's rift with Photographer-Husband-Antony-Armstrong-Jones-the-Earl-of-Snowdon reigns supreme on front pages and TV for days on end. Princess Anne, 25, the Queen's second child and a contender for Britain's Olympic equestrian team, cracks a vertebra in a fall from her horse and makes news bulletins worldwide.

Queen Juliana's consort is accused of pocketing payola, and the unsubstantiated charge prompts fevered speculation about the future of the 400-year-old Dutch royal house. In Spain, as Juan Carlos stumps the boondocks as tirelessly as a Castilian Jimmy Carter, the young King's every word and move merit Delphic scrutiny. Britain's Prince Charles dates a new girl, and her bloodline is examined as closely as a yearling filly's. Monaco's 19-year-old Princess Caroline keeps squads of *paparazzi* employed.

Still, the magic persists, though democratic Kings and Queens often wield less executive power than a welfare caseworker. Whether dowdy or debonair, starchy or outspoken, they radiate an extraordinary aura of power and hieratic authority. They are walking Gainsboroughs, Goyas on the go. Ulster M.P. Inoch Powell said of Elizabeth: "Our monarch is not a crowned President. She is anointed. She represents a supernatural element in the nation." Though it has been 300 years since Britain disavowed the divine right of Kings, an opinion poll indicated that one-third of all the King's subjects believe she was chosen by God. In socialist Scandinavia, where Kings and Queens shop for bargains and drive their own cars, talk of dismantling the monarchy is greeted with derision. The restoration in Spain may be the practical answer to that nation's deep divisions.

Europe's Kings and Queens are the Houdinis of history. They have survived the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars and the socialist governments that rule some of their nations. Endogamous and interrelated (five are descended from Queen Victoria), all ten monarchs are disciplined and devoted. Their ranks, including those who no longer occupy thrones (*see box*), do not include a single wastrel, toffspot, cretin or voluptuary—or even a certified eccentric. In wartime, they almost gratefully revert to King Harry or Boadicea. In peace, they are diligent public servants and accomplished sportsmen and devote their surplus energies to such causes as the environment and conservation (bearing in mind, perhaps, that they also may be an endangered species). Above all, they are adaptable.

POMP AND PRAGMATISM

The world's super-royals are, of course, the British. Queen Elizabeth II, the 42nd monarch since William the Conqueror, is surrounded by almost medieval pageantry. She is supported at the pinnacle of society by a solicitous court, a titled aristocracy and the full panoply of the Church of England. She is head of the Commonwealth and formally commands the British armed forces and the civil service. Tradition, her titles and a status-conscious middle class help maintain the myth that the Queen actually rules her realm.

When she celebrated her 50th birthday with a late-night ball for 500 guests at Windsor Castle last week, Prime Minister James Callaghan's failure to attend stirred an uproar. Though Callaghan is a teetotaler and abhors such festivities, his absence was interpreted by many as virtually an act of insubordination. Chided the conservative *Daily Mail*: "An invitation from the palace, whether for a state occasion or for a private party, has al-



SWEDEN'S KING CARL XVI GUSTAF VISITING THE JEFFERSON MEMORIAL



The royal Britons at play and work. From top left, clockwise: Elizabeth the Queen Mother on her 75th birthday. Prince Charles, on shore leave, puts bay gelding hunter through its paces. Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip, wearing robes of state, leave ceremony at St. Paul's Cathedral. Princess Margaret and nephew Prince Edward at horse trials.

Sweden's King Carl XVI Gustaf (below) piloting fighter plane; (at right) with fiancée, German-born Silvia Sommerlath.



Spain's King Juan Carlos sailing his boat (below) and (at right) with Queen Sofia in Madrid.





Norway's King Olav, an accomplished sailor, checks the competition during race in Oslo fjord.



Denmark's Queen Margrethe and Prince Henrik vacationing in Megève with heirs, Princes Frederik and Joachim.





Belgium's King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola on a 1970 visit to Zaïre, which as the Congo was a Belgian possession.



Queen Juliana of The Netherlands, with husband Prince Bernhard, formally opening the Dutch Parliament.

ways been regarded as a command that is just not turned down." The illusion of a potent sovereign was borne out earlier in the month when Buckingham Palace announced that the Queen had "sent for" Callaghan and "requested him to form a new administration"—though, all Britain knew, he had been elected Prime Minister by his own Labor Party. Why the folderol?

In a way, the pomp is part of the circumstance, inseparable from royalty's arcane role as the symbol of national unity and continuity in a pluralistic democracy. No one has ever satisfactorily explained this arbitrary, totemic yet pragmatic arrangement. Even the actual powers of the monarchy defy precise definition.

In Bagehot's classic phrase—which applies generally to all European royalty—the British monarch has three influential rights: "The right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn." In theory, the historian added, if a bill were passed for the execution of the Queen, she would have to sign it.

The royal family has been called a "soporific for a geriatric society," "comic relief to the death rattle of a nation," and other things less elegant. In fact, the world dotes on every detail of their magnificences' private lives: that the Queen is a *Kojak* fan; that Philip and Elizabeth sleep in separate beds; that Anne likes to drive at 100 m.p.h.; Margaret cannot stand lobster; and Charles plays a mean cello.

No one accuses them of reigning cut-rate. On a 1968 trip to Brazil, Andrew Duncan reported in his book *The Reality of Monarchy*, Elizabeth took along five aircraft, the royal yacht *Brit-*

papers that range from nuclear secrets to export figures.

Her arduous duties have been eased by her husband Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh—the only man, it is said, she ever looked at twice. Of Danish descent, Philip is a discreet, supportive husband who has laid out a career of his own as a drummer for British industry and technology—the areas in which he sees a shrunken nation's future. His salty wit ("We live above the shop") and barbs at complacent exporters ("It's time to get the finger out") do not always endear him to the Establishment, but he rates high with the common man.

Philip in particular is given credit for insisting that the Prince of Wales be given a rigorous education. The first heir to the throne to attend public school and university as an ordinary student, jug-eared, newly bearded Charles, 27, is well-read, unstuffy and in tune with the times. "I am one of those people who believe strongly that one should adapt to changing circumstances," he said in a recent TV interview. "The one thing you cannot afford is to get left miles behind. You want to be just a little behind but ready to adapt gently and slowly."

A REIGN AGAIN IN SPAIN

That lesson is not lost on Spain's King Juan Carlos, as he attempts to market the monarchy in a riven land. When he was named Francisco Franco's successor-to-be in 1969, the young prince spoke a vow worthy of Don Quixote: "My pulse will not tremble when it comes to do what is necessary for the future of



QUEEN VICTORIA TAKING THE AIR AT BALMORAL CASTLE ACCOMPANIED BY STEWARD & SIKH ATTENDANT
Radiating an aura of hieratic authority, they are living Gainsboroughs, Goyas on the go.

tania with a navy crew of 230, two frigates, a 22-piece orchestra and a personal retinue of 47, including the royal pastry chef. The government pays for such perquisites and appurtenances as *Britannia* (annual upkeep \$3 million), a fleet of aircraft and two purple trains reserved for the royal family. The Queen will be paid some \$3.5 million this year, while five other members of the royal family receive about \$500,000 in all. Prince Charles' income from his Duchy of Cornwall is \$300,000. Still, to help maintain Buckingham Palace, Windsor and three other royal abodes, the Queen pays a large amount of her untaxed private income.

Queen Elizabeth, whose coronation was hailed 24 years ago as the birth of a new Elizabethan age, has watched Britain suffer one of the most precipitous declines of any great power in history. Yet the monarchy has never been identified with the nation's slide. On the eve of Elizabeth's birthday, the left-wing *New Statesman* observed: "There can be little disagreement that she is conscientious to a fault, exemplary in her public and private behavior, frugal by royal standards, sensible and open-minded in her relations with politicians, and thoroughly professional in all the multifarious aspects of her job." For almost half her life the Queen has spent several hours a day over state

Spain." True to his word, in the five months since the generalissimo's death, the novice King, a direct descendant of France's House of Bourbon, has performed with courage and dignity.

Returning to the throne from which his grandfather, Alfonso XIII, was ousted in 1931, Juan Carlos at 38 has the dual task of dismantling nearly four decades of dictatorship while attempting to establish his own legitimacy as chief of state. Unlike his Bourbon ancestors, of whom Talleyrand said, "They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing," Juan Carlos proved a retentive student during his years as monarch-in-waiting.

The sports-loving King (golf, sailing, karate) was criticized for his seeming lethargy during the first three months of his reign, when he seldom ventured far from his modest, mauve stucco Zarzuela palace near Madrid. "What can the man do?" shrugged a Communist leader. "He is the lackey of the system." Replied a high government official: "Patience. Patience. The post-Franco era has barely begun." Then, after ugly rioting in industrial Barcelona, the capital of Catalan separatism, the palace announced that the royal couple would make a number of tours to the disparate regions—starting with Catalonia.

With the exception of Barcelona, where their reception was cool, Juan Carlos and his handsome, tough-minded Queen So-

THE WORLD

fia, of the Greek royal family, were greeted by tumultuous, even ecstatic crowds. The King impressed the throngs at Montserrat by addressing them in the Catalan language. Many villages and small towns they visited were enveloped in a fiesta atmosphere. Crude posters of support sprouted in the dusty plazas, though some signs, as in Jerez de la Frontera, aired complaints: THE COTTON INDUSTRY IS DYING. Carefully, Juan Carlos responded: "On such a short visit I am not in a position to examine all your problems, but we take note of them." Dismayed at first by the prospect of pressing the flesh, Juan Carlos was soon chuckling at the experience—and he does not chuckle often. As the 18-hour-a-day tour wore on, the royal smile grew wider.

The lanky, handsome King seeks to project his role as moderator of contending factions. As he told a vast crowd in Seville: "The monarchy is for all and not for any single group or party. It can ensure liberty for everyone who respects others, the unity of the nation amid the diversity of its peoples, the equality of its citizens and their access to the economic and spiritual benefits that our young and dynamic society can create."

Though the day-to-day running of the country remains in the hands of Premier Carlos Arias Navarro, an old Franco trusty, and Interior Minister Manuel Fraga Iribarne, Juan Carlos has made an effort to dissociate himself from Franco's "political baggage," as they say in Spain. The Communists reject his regime as one "imposed by Franco from the tomb," but claim that they would cooperate with Juan Carlos' father Don Juan if the latter were restored. For his part, Don Juan says that he will recognize his son as Spain's rightful monarch—and has become the King's principal adviser. Even with his father's blessing and the wary tolerance of the left, the young Quixote has more than windmills to battle to secure the reign in Spain.

A HOUSE DIVIDED

The Dutch royal house has held sway almost without interruption for 400 years, and—according to the constitution—the Queen can do no wrong. That document makes no mention of her husband, however. Amid charges that Prince Bernhard took \$1.1 million from Lockheed, Queen Juliana of The Netherlands and the House of Orange face their most serious crisis since World War II. (The three-man commission appointed to investigate the charges is not expected to reach a verdict for two months or so.) "The prince has been rather clumsy, that I won't deny," says a court official. "But the Lockheed allegations are absolutely 100% untrue." Even if the prince should be found guilty, the Dutch speculate, he will merely be reprimanded and forced to resign as inspector general of the Dutch armed forces; but Juliana will not abdicate.

The royal predicament strikes to the heart of Dutch life. Since the founding of the Union of Utrecht by William the Silent in the 16th century, The Netherlands has been "a republic under the House of Orange." Even though Parliament took over effective power in 1848, the monarchy has remained a unifying factor in a country that is divided almost equally between Catholics and Calvinists and politically split by 14 parties.

The erect, blue-eyed Queen, who will celebrate her 67th birthday this week, was drilled from earliest childhood in the three tenets of monarchy as defined by Queen Victoria: protocol, public service and duty. The royal motto: *Je maintiendrai* (I shall maintain). Juliana studied law, literature, economics and Islamic history at Leiden University. Queen since 1948, she has kept extremely well informed about Dutch and world affairs and enjoys close relations with Socialist Pre-



AUSTRIA'S OTTO VON HABSBURG & WIFE

ROMANIA'S KING MICHAEL & JEEP



The Keepers of the Flame

They might be called the keepers of the flame. A dozen in all, they are the dispossessed descendants of Europe's royal families—and they all have legitimate claims to thrones from Russia to Portugal. Theirs is not always an impossible dream—as witness the restoration of Juan Carlos to the Spanish throne last year.

The most recently unemployed monarch is Greece's **King Constantine II**, 35, who was ousted by a military junta in 1967. He lives quietly not far from London with his Queen, the former Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark, and their three children.

PRUSSIA'S PRINCE LOUIS FERDINAND



Four royal houses were ousted by postwar Communist regimes. The claimants:

Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, 30, who works as an insurance executive in Rio de Janeiro, he is married to Maria da Gloria, great-great-granddaughter of Brazil's last emperor, and is known as Alexander Karageorgevitch; they have no children.

King Michael of Rumania, 55, an account executive for a U.S. brokerage firm. He lives outside Geneva with his wife, the former Anne of Bourbon-Parma, their five daughters and his prize possession, a World War II Jeep.

King Siméon II of Bulgaria, 38, who considers his job that of "keeping the Bulgarian spirit alive"—notably in the U.S., where there are 50,000 of his fellow-countrymen. He is married to a Spanish aristocrat and lives in Madrid with their four sons and a daughter.

King Leka of Albania, 37, is the tallest (6 ft. 8 in.) of the monarchs-in-waiting and comes from the youngest royal house (founded 1928). Married to the daughter of an Australian sheep farmer, he lives near Madrid. He is a friend of Ronald Reagan (to whom he once gave a baby elephant) and keeps in touch with the 3 million Albanians in exile.

The oldest royal victim of Communist rule is **Grand Duke Vladimir Cyrilovitch**, 58, cousin of the last czar and

mier Joop den Uyl. "Her understanding of her task," the Premier has observed, "has won the Dutch monarchy a new and acceptable tenure in our modern democracy." Juliana receives a tax-free allowance of \$1.3 million (Bernhard is paid \$262,000) and has a private fortune estimated at \$12 million.

Initially, the Dutch were less than enthusiastic about the marriage of their princess to Bernhard in 1937. A member of an obscure German princely family, he had served briefly in the Hitler Youth Movement. However, he won the respect of the Dutch in World War II, when he got his fighter pilot's wings with the R.A.F. and later returned in triumph to The Netherlands as head of the free Dutch forces and the resistance movement.

For the past three decades, while the Queen usually stayed home in their rambling Soestdijk mansion, the prince, now 64, has served as supersalesman for Dutch goods abroad. The royal couple seem happily matched. "My wife is head of state," Bernhard explains. "I am boss in the house."

Juliana's heir is Crown Princess Beatrix, 38, whose imperious ways have not endeared her to the Dutch. She made an unpopular marriage in 1966 to a German, Claus von Amsberg. However, Prince Claus, now 49, surprised royalty watchers by learning to speak impeccable Dutch within two years (Bernhard still has a marked German accent) and keeping his wife's temper in check. He and Beatrix have become closely associated with the country's New Left movement, leaving some people worried that the House of Orange may turn pink if Beatrix—who with Claus receives \$583,000 annually—succeeds to the throne. The princess and her husband have three sons: the eldest, Willem-Alexander, 9, is the first male in direct line of succession since William III (1849-90). Thus the House of Orange, whatever its shade, seems likely to keep on maintaining

THE ONLY BELGIAN

Monarchy in Belgium is no symbol. It is the vital element that holds together a society as potentially self-destructive as Northern Ireland or Lebanon. Presiding over a rancorous *mésalliance* of Flemish and French-speaking Walloon citizens, King Baudouin, at 45, reigns with the adroit feudside manner that earned Belgium's first King, his great-great-grandfather Leopold I, the sobriquet, "Monsieur Gently Does It." Though his political role is strictly circumscribed by a British-style constitution, the King alone, in a government crisis, can pick the man to assemble a new regime. With slight exaggeration, Baudouin is called "the only Belgian."

Baudouin's life, like his twice-invaded nation's, has been shadowed by tragedy. In 1940, when the Crown Prince was just nine years old, he was held with his father Leopold III by the occupying Germans. While their compatriots fought on from England, the King remained quiescent—or, as many Belgians suspected, acquiescent—in German custody. The issue of Leopold's honor was close to tearing Belgium apart in 1951, when the King abdicated in favor of Baudouin, a prince *sans reproche*.

The new King came boldly to grips with responsibilities far beyond Belgium's tidy borders. In the late 1950s, the Congo was erupting in the first great explosion of African nationalism. Though the colony had been a rich family fief, Baudouin in 1959 stunned his nation by calling for eventual recognition of an independent Congo. The King is honored in the rechristened Republic of Zaïre, whose President Mobutu Sese Seko sometimes shares his problems with his royal colleague in Brussels. "My biggest difficulty," Mobutu once confided to Baudouin, "is preventing my tribes from tearing each

claimant to the throne of Russia. Born in exile, he has never set foot in Russia, but travels widely, visiting Russian emigre colonies. He is married to Grand Duchess Leonida, whose family ruled Georgia for 13 centuries. They live in Madrid and have one daughter.

King Umberto II of Italy, 72, was ousted by popular vote after World War II and a reign of 34 days; he lives in Portugal. His son **Vittorio Emanuele**, 39, is a successful businessman based in Switzerland; he is married to a commoner, Marina Doria, and has two children.

King Duarte of Portugal, 68, whose family was deposed in 1910, still lives outside Lisbon but has no ambition to reign. His bachelor son, the **Prince of Beira**, 30, a businessman who also lives in Portugal, would be the heir if his former subjects voted to restore the Braganza dynasty.

Archduke Otto, 63, is the son of Emperor Charles I of Austria (also King Charles IV of Hungary), who lost his thrones after World War I. The Archduke, who prefers to be known as Dr. Habsburg, is an author and lecturer on the cause of European unification. He lives outside Munich; he and his wife, German Princess Regina, have seven heirs. Also throneless as a result of World War I is **Prince Louis Ferdinand** of Prussia, 68, grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm II. He has a doctorate in philosophy and occupies himself with administering the family fortunes. His late wife, the Grand Duchess Kira, was the sister of Vladimir; he has seven children and lives near Bremen.

There are two claimants to the throne of France: **Prince Henri, Count of Paris**, 67, is descended from the ancient royal line of Bourbon-Orléans; he is married to Princess Isabelle of Orléans and Braganza. A friend of Charles de Gaulle, who once described the count as "my successor," he has four living sons (one died as a soldier in Algeria) and six daughters. His rival is **Prince Louis Napoleon**, 62, a World War II Resistance hero who is not only a Bonaparte, but is also descended from France's royal line. A wealthy businessman, he is married to Alix de Foresta; they have two sons and two daughters. Both French royals live in France. Louis says that he is "available" if his country calls. As indeed would be the eleven other royal claimants or their heirs.

RUSSIA'S VLADIMIR



YUGOSLAVIA'S PRINCE ALEXANDER & WIFE MARIA DA GLORIA



FRANCE'S COUNT OF PARIS AND WIFE



LIECHTENSTEIN'S PRINCE FRANZ JOSEPH & WIFE IN WASHINGTON
Coaching their majesties with surpassing delicacy.

other apart." "Same problem," nodded Baudouin, "as mine."

The King's unswerving solemnity was softened by his marriage in 1960 to Fabiola de Mora y Aragon, a willowy Spanish aristocrat. They are not big spenders, though Baudouin has old money from the Congo in addition to his government stipend of \$2.4 million. A balletomane, Baudouin also observes more distant stars as an impassioned private astronomer, while Fabiola writes books for other people's children; they have none of their own. Heir to the throne is Baudouin's younger brother Prince Albert, 41, whose Italian-born wife, Princess Paola, strikes younger Belgians as the liveliest attraction since Waterloo. The royal house should last as long as Belgium does.

SOLID IN STOCKHOLM

Sweden's Carl XVI Gustaf, the West's youngest reigning monarch (he will be 30 this week), has to learn royalty's new role in a state that has become a republic in all but name since his succession in 1973. A new constitution, which went into effect in 1975, deprives the King of all powers and even subjects him to taxes. Nevertheless, the Stockholm-stolid scion still enjoys wide popularity; even the ruling Social Democrats, though ideologically committed to republicanism, note that 75% of the 8.2 million Swedes believe the crown is worth the kronor (\$1,357,000 from the state to Carl Gustaf, of which about 80% goes to support his palace staff).

Gustaf finds that in the eyes of his countrymen, he is a blend of favorite nephew and Dear Abby. At an auto plant in Trollhattan recently, an employee patted his cheek and declared, "I just wanted you to know we workers like you." Another Swede wrote the King asking him to tell his son to go for a dental check-up (which *Hans Majestät* duly did). Carl Gustaf has adopted the motto, "For Sweden—in keeping with the times."

For relaxation, Tjabo as he was known to his school chums, cooks up recipes he acquires on his travels—and keeps his waist down with twice-weekly games of squash ("But the ball doesn't like me"). He wheels a blue Porsche Targa, cruises the Stockholm archipelago in a U.S.-made Magnum 35 powerboat and drives a tractor on his own 395-acre farm in eastern Sweden (the eight royal palaces are all state owned).

On June 19, in the royal spectacular of the year, Gustaf will be married to Silvia Sommerlath, 32, the bright, vivacious daughter of a West German businessman and a Brazilian aristocrat. The dark-haired, velvet-eyed Queen-to-be, a former Olympics chief hostess, spent four years learning languages (she speaks seven), and will be more than an adornment at Swedish royalty's last major function: presenting the Nobel Prize awards.

Silvia will have a more important private role. The King is

THE WORLD

the last of the royal line founded by Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, the Napoleonic marshal, and the constitution at present bars female succession. "I have to have a son to inherit the throne," Gustaf told *TIME*. "I have to get a son like my mother did. I have four elderly sisters, and I am the last one."

DANISH CHOICE

As free and frisky Denmark is the antithesis of dour Sweden, so are their monarchs near-opposites in temperament and tenure. Denmark's Queen Margrethe, 36, is about as formal as old blue jeans, which she wears in private. She is Europe's closest approximation to elected royalty. In Denmark until 1953, only a male heir could succeed to the throne. Since Frederik IX had three daughters and no sons, a national referendum was held that year to amend the constitution. By an overwhelming vote, eldest Daughter Margrethe, then 13 and fondly known as *Priegebarnet* (Little Girl), won the right of succession.

The Danes are intensely proud of their 1,000-year monarchy. Europe's oldest, their Queen is a descendant of Gorm the Old and his son Harold Bluetooth (circa 935-985), who held sway over Scotland as well as present-day Denmark. As Queen of Denmark since 1972, Margrethe dropped her many other ancestral titles ("of the Wends and Goths, Schleswig, Holstein," etc.) Friends call her Daisy.

Towering (nearly 6 ft.), attractive Margrethe is incontestably Europe's brainiest monarch. Witty in several languages, she studied at the University of Copenhagen, Aarhus and Cambridge, the Sorbonne and the London School of Economics. She is a robust skier and jiu-jitsuist and is probably the only Queen who can build an igloo. Says she: "It has always been a horrible thought to me to be just a spectator in life."

Though an ancestor, Swegn I, was the first Danish King to coin money, Margrethe makes do on what she gets—a state allowance of \$2.1 million a year, of which \$1.4 million goes to her 80 employees. She lives quietly with her handsome husband, former French Count Henri de Monperat, who has the title Prince Henrik of Denmark, and their two sons, Frederik, 7, and Joachim, 6. In a society that prizes *hygge* (cosiness) above hauteur, the couple are disarmingly informal. Their Copenhagen comrades are apt to be invited over to the Amalienborg Palace for a late-night snack—in the kitchen. To the Danes, such no-nonsense ways perfectly reflect their chummy democracy.

THE O IN NORWAY

When Norwegian newspaper readers were asked to pick the "name of the year" last December, a thumping majority (more than 60%) chose King Olav V, their monarch since 1957. The simplest, most egalitarian of northern royals, the powerless potentate has always, as his people say, been "one of us." A daring skier at 74, Olav still greets early birds on the slopes outside Oslo. He can be seen whisking his 5.5-meter sailboat *Bingo* around Oslo Fjord or walking his dog in the streets, trailed by a puffing cop whose task is not mainly to guard the King but to help him if he should have an accident.

An international-class sailor, Big O delights in competition, as he puts it, "The wind treats everyone the same way." In a rock pile of a country bounded by a vicious sea, that could almost be the national philosophy. Olav and his doughty father, King Haakon VII, escaped Norway after the German invasion in 1940 and led their nation's heroic resistance. The King, a widower since 1954, lives on a government allowance of \$540,000 a year. Viking-stiff on formal occasions, Olav in relaxed surroundings can cuss and down his whisky like a bosun's mate.

Crown Prince Harald is warmly accepted as Olav's heir, a keen sportsman like his father. Harald, 39, spent five wartime years in the U.S., and, despite two years at Oxford, speaks American-accented English. An outgoing, unassuming fellow who confessed in a recent interview that he is "stubborn and lazy, and a little bushful too," Harald has had to take out bank loans to supplement his state allowance. He has been married since 1968 to Sonja Haraldsen, comely daughter of a self-made clothing manufacturer; they have two children, Martha Louise, 4, and Haakon Magnus, 2. Like most of their compatriots, the royal family can look forward to palmer days. Norway, by 1980, will have a \$3.6 billion balance of payments surplus from its North Sea oil.

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THE TINY TRIO

Royalty is as firmly ensconced in Europe's three pocket principalities. Grand Duke Jean of Luxembourg, 55, reigns over 350,000 subjects and 999 square miles. No opera state, Luxembourg is a charter member of the European Common Market, belongs to NATO and in 1951 even sent a platoon to fight in the Korean conflict. The country's living standard is among Europe's highest; it seldom faces a crisis more serious than a boost in potato prices.

Liechtenstein boasts 72 princes and princesses, which is eleven more highnesses than it has square miles. Prince Franz Joseph II, 69, reigns over 24,000 citizens of what in every happy sense is a have-not nation: it has no slums or unemployment, no airports, divorces, billboards or TV station.

His Serene Highness Prince Rainier III of Monaco (he has 23 other titles) reigns over Monaco's 467 acres with, of course, Princess Grace of Philadelphia and Hollywood. Grace, 46, spends most of the week at the family's residence in Paris, where Princess Caroline, a bright, outgoing, levelheaded beauty, attends the Sorbonne, and Sister Stéphanie, 11, goes to private school. Rainier, meanwhile, devotes full time to affairs of state, which include going to all Monacan soccer games, usually with Son Prince Albert, 18. A 1918 treaty provides that Monaco will become a French protectorate when the Grimaldi dynasty runs out, which seems, by grace of Grace, an unlikely happening.

Big or small, the royal houses appear in many ways to be ingenious waxwork shows, as relevant to contemporary problems as alchemy or elephant worship. In the eyes of their critics, their appeal is to nostalgia rather than innovation, to complacency rather than initiative. Paul Johnson, biographer of Elizabeth I, argues that "the monarchy is the bastion of the class system. It is very difficult to divorce the monarchical system from the pyramid supporting it, and I suspect the pyramid itself is an ex-

trema embarrassment in the economic and social sense."

Royalty is also criticized—and envied—for its opulent ways. In fairness, royalty does save elected officials the tedious and time-consuming burden of entertaining foreign dignitaries, ribbon cutting and showing the flag abroad—an obligation that can hardly be written off as caviar living.

In constitutional terms, as some American founding fathers—notably John Adams—believed, a hereditary monarchy can confer a sense of continuity upon elected governments and assure legitimacy to a new chief executive who, like Gerald Ford or James Callaghan, may not have been popularly elected.

Returning from a year in the U.S., Author Anthony Sampson finds that royalty has greater political validity than he perceived when he wrote his popular *Anatomy of Britain* in 1962. Says he: "One thing I realized at the time of Watergate was that the U.S. is more of a monarchy than I thought, that there was a deep, suppressed fear of regicide in the U.S. I feel much more comfortable now with the constitutional elements we have in England for getting rid of Prime Ministers and providing the mechanism for choosing the next one."

Nor has the symbol been entirely shorn of substance. Any Prime Minister has to take seriously the monarch's right to advise and warn. Though Anthony Eden ignored Elizabeth's judgment that Britain should not make its disastrous 1956 Suez intervention, and was himself ruined by that adventure, the Queen strongly influenced Harold Wilson's decision to stop short of sending troops in countering Rhodesia's declaration of independence in 1965. Comparable governmental decisions have reflected the judgment of the Dutch and Belgian monarchs, and may possibly be seen in Spain in the future. In any event, both the ceremonial and less apparent counseling roles of the monarchy are repeatedly approved in opinion polls of citizens who support the Julianas and Margrethes, Olavs and Baudouins.

Their Majesties' almost treasonous appeal will be apparent in coming months as millions of Americans switch TV dials from Sonny and Cher to Sonja and Harald and Liz and Phil speculaculars. The royals have always been polished performers. They have, after all, been in the magic business for a long, long time, and their claim to the copyright on Camelot is, in many ways, as enduring as it ever was. Democracies have long since learned they can live comfortably either with them or without them. But the mystique of nationhood is as elusive of definition as ever, and wherever Kings and Queens still hold scepter, if not sway, they continue to provide the sense of history and continuity that helps make diverse peoples one. That is a most uncommon, magical—and much needed—gift indeed.

MONACO'S PRINCE RAINIER & GRACE WITH CHILDREN



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There is a moment of calm. Of elation, actually.

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It is literally true that no one in the world knows for sure what the tax law means. Our tax code is so complex that no one—not even a Congressman or an agent of the IRS itself—can read the taxpayer his rights.

Each new amendment causes new distortions in our society which beggar the imagination. Companies that have lost money are sometimes more valuable than those that prosper. People with equal income often pay unequal taxes. Often the heaviest burden falls on the blue-collar worker who has struggled hard to make ends meet—only to see inflation push him up to a higher tax bracket.

The original purpose of taxation was "to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare." No mention is made in the Constitution of using the taxing authority to enable one part of society to tell another what to do through complex subsidies, exemptions, loopholes, deductions, tax carry-backs, and other exotic devices. The founding fathers saw taxes as a means to pay the costs of government; not as a means to reshape our society by rewarding one special interest and penalizing another.

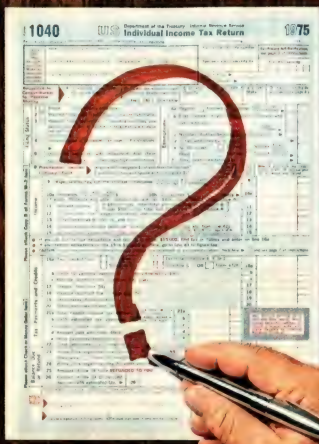
Federal, state and local taxes gobble up more than a third of all the money Americans earn. Today's system of exemptions and deductions which was

created to achieve yesterday's social priorities, has failed to meet its desired goal. On the way to failure, it has overstimulated consumption, stifled savings.

The time has come to dismantle our jerrybuilt tax structure and to return to the people the power to decide how their own money is spent. We should start by restoring taxation to its original Constitutional purpose of raising revenue and providing for the general welfare. This could be done by replacing the present complex of laws with a simple graduated rate with no deduction except for taxes paid to other political jurisdictions to avoid paying taxes on taxes.

A top rate of 20 to 30 per cent for individuals and corporations alike would produce as much or more revenue as the government now collects. The exact rate is not as important as the fact that it would make the law clear, certain and fair.

but our Federal code needs a complete change."



Free choice—not tax dodges and loopholes—is what inspires people to work, to save, and to invest. Let us return these decisions to the people by eliminating our present maze of tax laws in favor of a plain, no-fault tax that everyone can understand.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
U.S. Steel's Viewpoint

We agree that there is a pressing need to inspire people to "work, to save, and to invest." These steps will help:

1. *Reduce government spending.* Since 1929 it has risen three times as fast as personal expenditures, over

three times faster than industry's capital spending.
2. *Strengthen the private economy.* Controls, regulations and related costs dampen profitability which cuts investment in the job-creating tools of production.
3. *Make stock ownership more attractive.* Dividends are now taxed twice. Eliminating this inequity would increase stock ownership, expanding corporate borrowing power.
4. *Permit faster depreciation.* A write-off of five years for productive facilities would stimulate investment in them. Businesses should be permitted to write off pollution abatement equipment in one year as a current expense.

These actions would create more jobs and more goods and services, alleviate shortage-induced inflation, and make American industry more competitive internationally.

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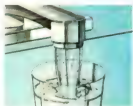
Tareyton improves.

The Reason is Activated Charcoal

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water.

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Charcoal was used by the ancient Egyptians as early as 1550 B.C.

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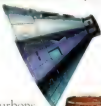
Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.

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100 mm. 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report Nov. '75.

Look, No Straps

Fashion's epidermis epidemic bared the thighs in 1969 with the mini. More recently, the midriff and lower back were boldly revealed by skimpy little halter tops. Where could designers go from there? Up. Flesh-o-mania has now reached the shoulders and the neck. The latest in deshabille: the strapless look.

Well-rounded clavicles are on display in everything from evening gowns to T-shirts. Neck and shoulder in popularity this season are strapless "maillots" (one-piece) bathing suits, sundresses and jumpsuits. Women cannot buy the styles fast enough. Manhattan's Henri Bendel already has its daytime strapless line on second and third reorder. Halston has sold 380 strapless sarongs (price range: \$600 to \$1,000). Calvin Klein's Lycra maillot is the coolest hot-seller in his swimsuit collection.

Body Consciousness. The strapless look got broad exposure at the recent Academy Awards presentations when Elizabeth Taylor, Marlo Thomas and Marisa Berenson shouldered their part of the show in Halston sarongs. Audrey Hepburn sailed through her first Hollywood appearance in eight years in a strapless sheath by Givenchy.

The new designs are soft-top versions of the heavily boned "Magenot Line" prom gowns of the '40s and '50s. Recalls Pat Johnson of Washington's Garfinckel's: "It used to be with the old strapless things that you moved one way and the dress the other." Today's no-straps are made of soft, clingy fabrics such as matte jersey and chiffon. Strapless bras are rarely worn. Says Martha Ferris of Chicago's Bonwit Teller: "It's bareness without blatancy."

The bareness is a big reason why the look has caught on. Women are more body-conscious than ever—and anxious to show off their well-toned torsos. As Garfinckel's Johnson puts it: "Women are playing tennis, going to spas and generally taking better care of their bodies—and are proud of them."

Other oracles of undress view it differently. Says Choe Fong, owner of the C.M. Bazaar boutique: "Women are more comfortable with their equality with men and are willing to look feminine again. What is more womanly than bare shoulders?" Cynthia Margulies, fashion coordinator for Raleighs in Washington, senses a conflict in female emotions. Explains she: "Women don't know if they want to be daring and sexy or romantic and Victorian. These new tops bare the shoulder. But some of them come in puckered gingham. They're selling like mad and it's because women want to look old-fashioned and virginal and sexy all at once."

Looking sexy is the big pull. Says Marilyn Black, a public relations expert

in Los Angeles: "Guys call me Carmen Miranda and snap their fingers over their heads when I walk down the street. Bare shoulders must be sexy." Tina Comparato, a Washington saleswoman, confirms that "you get more looks in a strapless dress than in a very short one."

Ample endowment, of course, draws looks. Even so, the strapless outfits are appealing on any woman. Says Calvin Klein: "I've shown strapless clothes on models who are almost all bone—with no problem." Correll King, 22, of Lubbock, Texas, agrees: "At first I thought I didn't have enough to wear the strap-

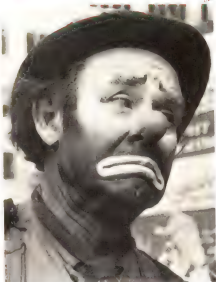


CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE: STRAPLESS JUMPSUIT, BATHING SUIT, EVENING GOWN CIRCA 1949, TWO-PIECE OUTFIT

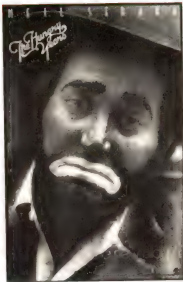


less clothes, but I've changed my mind."

Whatever a woman's size or shape, décolletage can slip into disaster for those into strapless chic. The drawstrings and elastic used to hold the garb up are not fail-safe. Arleen Sorkin, a Washington student, remembers the night her strapless turned topless in a Manhattan nightclub. Recalls she with horror: "I ran to the bathroom and cried. And I don't think my date ever recovered." Sorkin, however, was quickly on top of the situation and now owns five strapless outfits.



EMMETT KELLY AS WEARY WILLIE



NEIL SEDAKA'S LOOK-ALIKE POSTER

First came the fan mail, including one note that read "I'm in love with you, I hear your songs in my sleep." Then two healthy cats arrived, accompanied by five boxes of clothes and a would-be groupie. Trouble was, none of this tribute pleased **Emmett Kelly**, 77, who is more famous as the somber, sad-eyed clown **Weary Willie** than as a singer. Kelly, a former star with Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, says his problems were caused by Pop Tune-smith **Neil Sedaka**. On posters for his album *Hungry Years*, Sedaka appears in clown face similar to the character Kelly created in 1921 and later copyrighted. "Weary Willie is my makeup and my face. It's an infringement," complained the clown, adding he may sue both Sedaka and Rocket Records. "I can't wait 'til Neil's mother hears about that," responded Rocket Attorney **Barry Tyerman**. "If anybody has a copyright on that face, she does."

For a high-kicking hooper, **Shirley MacLaine** put her foot in a strange place last week. Her mouth. After a sellout tour through Europe with her song-and-dance revue, MacLaine was booked into the Palace Theater for her first Broadway stage appearance since *The Pajama Game* 22 years ago. How nice to be back in "the Karen Quinlan of cities," said Shirley, comparing the life expectancy of New York with that of the young New Jersey woman, whose tragic yearlong coma stirred a lingering right-to-life court battle. MacLaine's audience, including **Jackie Onassis** and Congresswoman **Bella Abzug**, sat in silence. After the show Miss MacLaine lamely explained, "I remembered that line was going around Washington. I

was trying to say New York should have the power to make its own decisions." The remark, she added, "came off the top of my head, and I wished it had stayed there." Two days later she telephoned her apologies to the Quinlan family.

Judging from his performance as guest host of TV's irreverent, ploddingly skittish variety show, NBC's *Saturday Night*, Presidential Press Secretary **Ron Nessen** does not have much future as a comedian. The question some people were asking last week is what sort of future does he have as a presidential press secretary? With good-natured daring, Nessen—a former NBC newsmen—appeared in several satiric turns with **Gagster Chevy Chase**, whose weekly specialty is a lampoon of Ron's accident-prone boss. Nessen played straight man as Chase impersonated **President Ford** staphing his ear to his head, trying to hit a golf ball with a tennis racket and stumbling through the Oval Office with a football helmet on his head. While Nessen was off-camera, another *SN* regular launched a malapropian tirade against "presidential erections." As a result of prior urgings by Nessen and White House Photographer **David Kennerly**, President Ford briefly appeared on the show, via videotape, with some wooden gags of his own.

Though a number of Republican viewers were appalled at Nessen's poor judgment, White House officials chose to characterize the affair as regrettable but forgettable. The President was reported to be "not pleased." As for the erstwhile star himself, Nessen opined that discussing the show was "not something grown men should be doing."



MACLAINE AT WORK

She is a former fashion model, an author (*Amazon Odyssey*), and a radical feminist who collected as much as \$1,500 per speech on the lecture circuit. **Ti-Grace Atkinson**, 37, is something more. "I'm broke," she announced last week, after receiving her first New York City welfare check. The reason? Those well-paying speaking engagements have apparently gone the way of student sit-ins and antiwar marches. She had applied for menial jobs, too, she noted. "But people say I'm too old or too famous or too hot to handle." Atkinson, who has delivered plenty of barbs to male chauvinists and unimpartial feminists in her time, has a new target: the welfare department. To collect her first \$47 semi-monthly check, she complained, she had spent two weeks "dealing with the most stone-faced, cold, uncompassionate people I have ever seen. Why must it be so difficult?" Replied an official: "You're not supposed to be able to send in a postcard and get welfare."

Armed with her new "handle" (nickname) and her newest toy, a mobile Citizen's Band radio, **First Lady Betty Ford** went to Texas last week on a campaign trip for Husband Jerry. "You got First Mama. There's a lot of Smokeys on my front door," said Betty, radiating



BETTY FORD ON THE AIR



ROD STEWART & BRITT EKLAND ENDURING EXILE IN BEVERLY HILLS

from her Secret Service car with all the aplomb of a veteran trucker (Translation: "This is the First Lady. I see plenty of policemen in front of me.") Though she probably hopes to pick up a few votes for her husband from the 11 to 12 million CB operators in the U.S., Betty has displeased at least one listener with her broadcasts. **Earl Stevens**, editor of the *National CB Truckers' News* (ircr 250,000), last week accused First Mama of rustling votes over the Citizen's Band airwaves—a violation, says he, of federal regulations. Fearful that campaigners might clog the air, Stevens has called on the FCC to prevent politicians from rendering "our CB radios useless in election years." Ten-four, First Mama

Standing together, they look like mismatched members of a computer dating service. But **Judith Jamison** of New York's Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Co. and **Mikhail Baryshnikov**, celebrated defector from Russia's Kirov Ballet, will be partners all right as dancers rather than daters. Last week the couple showed off a few moves to promote a May 11 benefit pas de deux, in behalf of the Ailey troupe and Boys Harbor, Inc., a New York charity for youngsters. And how will Jamison (5 ft. 10 in.) fare with the smaller (5 ft. 6 in.) premier danseur? "Misha grows when he dances," she says. "He's expandable."

Can a British rock star find happiness as a Beverly Hills millionaire? Not if he is **Rod Stewart**, 31, raspy-voiced singer-composer of *Maggie May* and former lead vocalist with The Faces. "I always thought money could buy freedom, but in my case money forced me to leave home," Stewart lamented last week, be-

moaning the 83% tax bite that caused him to flee his native England. Of course, Stewart's life in exile cannot be all that bad. His \$1 million Beverly Hills mansion is decorated with \$125,000 worth of shapely art nouveau doodads; not to mention sometime Actress **Britt Ekland**, thirtyish. But, says Stewart, "I'm frustrated being away from home. I miss my soccer." He also misses the warm beer and, what's worse, there seems to be just too much rock 'n' roll in California for Stewart's taste. "These bloody earthquakes," he complains. "When the house starts to shake, I have to run about and hold on to everything."

"I'm leaving Sweden because I need a certain security to be able to work." Thus, in an angry letter to *Expressen*, Sweden's largest daily newspaper, Director **Ingmar Bergman**, 57, announced that he was closing his film studios and abandoning his native country for keeps. The director, whose work ranges from supersurrealism (*The Seventh Seal*) to superrealism (*Scenes from a Marriage*), was investigated earlier this year for tax fraud. Picked up by police in Stockholm, he endured a two-hour grilling, then spent six weeks in the hospital recovering from a "depression." Although the criminal case was dropped last month, Bergman insists that authorities are still trying to collect more than \$750,000 in taxes and have threatened to double the bill unless he settles up quickly. "I became so mad that I got well," he explained last week before flying off to Paris. In a final gesture of fiscal contempt for tax officials, whose bureaucracy "is growing like galloping cancer," he declared he would leave behind his assets pending the outcome of the case.

Conflict Over Gags

The six bodies of a farm family in Sutherland, Neb., lay in their blood, dead from gunshot wounds; a ten-year-old girl and her grandmother had been raped after their deaths. As word of the grisly murders spread last October, major news organizations descended—some literally—on the scene. NBC-TV, for example, sent a chartered helicopter whirling north from Denver. The journalists started out expecting to get a major crime story; instead, they ended up with a courtroom confrontation between the conflicting rights of a free press and of a defendant to a fair trial.

Last week lawyers for 35 news organizations and the state of Nebraska argued the relative weights of these op-

Dr. Sam Sheppard's conviction for the murder of his wife was reversed by the Supreme Court because of the hostile trial atmosphere created by the press. Although the court did not mention gag rules as a way to control such press excess, judges began slapping them on. The Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press has counted 192 such court orders in the past decade.

Whatever form they take, and there are several, gag orders ban reporters from printing information they have discovered themselves, or that is publicly available—and occasionally even pre-

many legal problems as they solve. Among them:

RUMORS. Gossip and misinformation can as easily create a prejudicial trial to defendants as news accounts. Disagreeing last week, Simants' prosecutor, Milton C. Larson, argued before the court that "a potential juror would much more likely put aside something Mrs. Jones told her than what she read in the newspaper."

DELAY. Gag orders can impede or compromise the public's access to information it has a right to have. ABC-TV, as a part of a 1973 documentary on fire hazards, had a segment showing a flaming plastic crib; the crib manufacturer, alleging potential damage to the firm's reputation, got a judge to order the film clip removed only hours before the broadcast. ABC excised the scene but fought the case successfully; nine months later the disputed film was shown on the evening news.

OFFICIAL MISCONDUCT. "As the presumed watchdog of democracy, the press must watch over the judicial system too," says Henry F. Schulte, dean of Syracuse University's journalism school. "Gag laws could cut into that function." After the Rockford *Star* in Illinois ran stories on patronage abuse in local courts, an alleged political appointee sued for libel. Citing the need to preserve a fair trial, a judge then ordered the *Star* not to write editorials about the issues, namely the worth of local courts. The *Star* violated the judge's gag and later got it thrown out on appeal. The paper nonetheless faces possible punishment because of a recent case requiring that even unconstitutional court orders be obeyed until they are overturned.

Some legal experts believe that the press's desire for a total ban on gags is unreasonable. Stanford Constitutional scholar Gerald Gunther says the claim that press freedom "is the one absolute right in the Constitution is absolute nonsense." Former Solicitor General Erwin Griswold, who advised Nebraska officials for their Supreme Court appearance, argues with some persuasion that the mounting need for gags is an inevitable "albatross the press carries around its neck because of its steadily increasing visual impact and immediacy." New York Times Attorney Floyd Abrams sought to rebut this contention before the Justices by citing the trials of John Mitchell, John Connally and William Calley which, he said, show that "at no time in our history have jurors demonstrated more ability to determine cases independently"—that is, without being swayed by the press.

Most court observers last week thought that Nebraska's case was not put as well as it might have been. Nonetheless, the questioning indicated the high court may be closely split on the

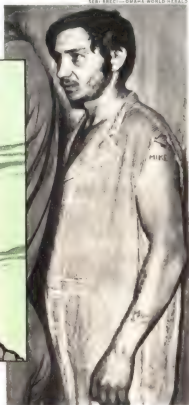
STANTON: THE NEW YORKER; GUNTER



Chip! Chip! Chip!

posing constitutional guarantees before the U.S. Supreme Court in a case growing out of the mass murder. Erwin Charles Simants, an unemployed farm hand and neighbor of the slain family, had been arrested for the killings within a day. When rumors began to spread that he had confessed, a local judge—at the request of both prosecution and defense attorneys—ordered the press not to print most of what was revealed at a public preliminary hearing. His reason: Simants' right to a trial untainted by prejudicial publicity superseded the freedom of the press. Although that broad ban was trimmed somewhat on appeal, a gag remained in force until the trial began in December (Simants was convicted and sentenced to die).

Judicial gag orders were virtually unknown a decade ago. Then in 1966



MASS MURDERER SIMANTS

His rights became a cause célèbre.

vent reporting the fact of the gag itself. Explaining the need for the Simants action last week, Harold Mosher, Nebraska's assistant attorney general, argued that "temporary restraints on First Amendment freedoms are permitted in extraordinary circumstances where no other means exist to protect other fundamental interests." The basic right of a defendant to keep inadmissible evidence from a jury during a trial is clearly infringed if the press has presented such evidence to potential jurors—i.e. the public—before the trial.

Constitutional experts, however, point out that gag orders often create as

Announcing ConRail. A better way to run a railroad.

On April 1, six struggling railroads became a single, more efficient railroad, stretching from Boston to St. Louis. Purpose: to give customers first-class service and become a profitable company.

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And we've got to make it work. A big chunk of America is counting on us. Our 17,000 miles of track cover an area with 100 million people and 55 percent of America's manufacturing plants.

In business to make a profit

Don't confuse us with Amtrak—a Government-subsidized company responsible for intercity passenger service.

ConRail is a for-profit company—primarily a freight railroad formed from six old railroads: Penn Central, Lehigh Valley, Central of New Jersey, Reading, Erie Lackawanna, and Lehigh & Hudson River. (Con Rail, under contract to various agencies, also provides tracks and operating personnel for passenger trains.)

The \$2.1 billion we're getting from the Government (see right) comes as an investment that we are legally obligated to pay back.

We're in business to improve service and make a profit. But why should we succeed when the six railroads we took over went bankrupt?

Old problems attacked head on

The Penn Central and other bankrupts had to watch roadbeds and equipment deteriorate for lack of money. This slowed service and increased damage costs.

They had to absorb losses from commuter lines. And from unprofitable freight lines.

And, in some areas, they didn't have enough flexibility in assigning employees.

As you'll see below, the legislation that created ConRail specifically attacks each of these problems.

Billions to improve roadbeds and equipment

In creating ConRail, Congress authorized the purchase of \$2.1 billion in ConRail securities.

We'll use this money (as well as more billions from ConRail revenues) to replace over 4,000,000 ties and over 700 miles of track each year for the next 10 years. We'll also repair freight cars and locomotives and, in general, build a better railroad. This will mean fewer damage claims, faster freight service—and increased earnings.

Unprofitable lines no longer a burden

Some freight lines that can't be run at a profit have been dropped. Others will be kept running if ConRail is compensated for the difference between revenues and the cost of operation. The compensation would come from the Government and the states that want to keep the lines operating.

A similar arrangement applies to commuter lines.

Support from the unions

The unions want ConRail to succeed, and have already agreed to more flexibility in assigning employees.

C. J. Chamberlain, Chairman,

Railway Labor Executives Association, said, "The interest of the labor brotherhoods and the nation will be best served if ConRail becomes a strong viable company. We in labor will do everything we can to help ConRail reach that goal."

Better service to customers

From Day One, we've had faster run-through service. Example: we've cut 14 hours off some shipments from New York to Chicago.

We've cut the number of people that shippers have to deal with—from as many as three down to one.

We've also got a huge data processing operation. Which means we can tell a customer, within minutes, exactly where his cars are—at any time.

Headed for success

You never know what whims the economy might have up its sleeve. But we've got a lot going for us.

Better use of cars, plus other efficiencies, should bring our cost savings to about \$300 million by 1980. Basic growth in our freight volume should bring us additional revenues of \$341.5 million by 1985.

On that basis, our objective is to start making a profit by 1980.

We aren't promising miracles. We can't offset decades of neglect overnight.

But we have got a better way to run a railroad.

ConRail

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TALL

120s

Towers
over
ordinary
cigarettes



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

THE LAW

issue. Jack Landau, the main force behind the reporters' free-press committee, hopes for what he would consider a good compromise. "Before a judge could enter a restrictive order, he should be made to hold a hearing to explore all other possibilities [such as a change of venue]. At this hearing, not only the defense and prosecution but also the press could be heard on a proposed gag rule." Someone with guidelines obviously is needed. Currently the third most litigated free-speech issue—after obscenity and libel—is the question of gag rules.

Suits for Sale

"Can I show you something in a suit, sir?" the investment counselor might say unctuously. "A lawsuit I mean. A really blue-chip group of defendants and prospects for an impressive award of damages." Buying shares in a lawsuit? Why not, asks Manhattan Attorney Carl E. Person, who has reason to believe that he is on his way to creating just such an investment possibility.

Person is currently representing a small group of auto brokers in a complex, \$300 million antitrust suit against the big four automakers, many of their New York franchise owners, and some of the New York newspapers they advertise in. To help him match the resources available to such weighty opposition, Person asked a federal judge to authorize two approaches guaranteed to horrify the bar: 1) the hiring of expert witnesses on a contingency basis under which they would be paid only if Person's clients won, and 2) allowing Person's clients to sell shares in the outcome of the suit to finance the costs (estimated at \$1 million) of the action, which is already 5½ years old. While Federal Judge John F. Dooling Jr. did not rule directly on Person's claim, he has issued an opinion strongly implying that the lawyer has a point.

New Market. The bar's traditional ban on contingent fees for witnesses rests on the fear that they would hype their testimony—or worse—to increase the likelihood of victory and thus of getting paid. But Judge Dooling thinks the danger of distorted testimony is not significantly greater than in cases in which a witness is paid a straight fee for his presumably favorable expertise. As for the remarkable idea of selling shares in the ultimate damages, if any, the judge said that the law did not appear to prevent Person's plaintiffs from selling such shares, so long as investors had no say in how the case was fought legally.

Person had already become something of a bar rattle as one of a handful of attorneys who pressed legal claims that helped force the American Bar Association to reconsider its ban on lawyer advertising. Now, armed with the Dooling ruling, Person has asked the New York City bar about the ethics of his share sale, and is talking about a whole new stock market for lawsuits.

TALL

120s

All those
extra puffs.
Costs no more
than 100's.

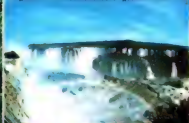


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Argentina: The unbelievable Iguazu Falls.



Colombia: The Twelve Stations of the Cross high above Bogotá.



Peru: Machu Picchu, mysterious lost city of the Incas.



Bolivia: Reed boats like those of the Egyptian 2000 years ago.



Ecuador: The unchanging Galapagos Islands of Charles Darwin.



Rio's Copacabana: The way the beaches were is the way they are.



Paraguay: The age-old appeal of losing your luck.



Chile: Where our summers do their winter.

THE WAY-IT-IS PLACE.

South America is the way a lot of places used to be. Uncrowded and unspoiled. With sunny beaches. Native open air markets. Enchanted islands to discover. Exotic jungles to explore. South America is Inca gold and mysterious ancient sites. The Amazon and lively casinos. Plenty of room in hotels. Leisurely dinners. And hospitable people who look pleased to see you.

It is also more for your dollar than you'll get just about anywhere else overseas. A \$2.50 dinner of steak and wine in Buenos Aires. Handcarved Ivorynut Chess set for under \$10 in Quito. Leather and emeralds in Bogotá at half the price they are in the U.S. A double room in a first class hotel in most South American capitals for less than \$15 per person.

South America—the way-it-was place is the way-it-is place.

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Heading for the Lonely Derby

It may be a horse race after all.

That might seem to be an odd thing to say about a Kentucky Derby. But until a few days ago, it was the strong consensus among both those who know the turf and those who merely know the betting windows that a splendid colt named Honest Pleasure was as sure a thing at Churchill Downs this Saturday as the weak mint julep.

Coming into last Thursday's Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, the compact, brown three-year-old with the white star in the middle of his forehead had won eight races in a row. He had blasted the field by eleven lengths in the Flamingo Stakes in February and had gone off at odds of 1 to 20 in the Florida Derby, which he won waltzing.

So imposing were the colt's credentials that a Blue Grass record crowd of 20,900 wagered an unprecedented \$330,000 on the race, most of it on Honest Pleasure. By post time, the actual odds were 1 to 18, and he did not disappoint his backers. (Good news for the bettors, bad news for the track: it lost \$41,876.20 on the race, since it had to pay \$2.20 for each \$2 bet on Honest Pleasure.)

Why then did Honest Pleasure's trainer, LeRoy Jolley, not look so jolly after the race? For one thing, the colt did not win the Blue Grass in his customary runaway style. His time was poor (1:49 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ mile) and his margin a mere 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths over a 148-to-1 shot named Certain Roman, primarily because he fought furiously against Jockey Braulio Baeza's efforts to slow him in the backstretch. For another, there is Bold Forbes, a sprightly East Coast colt who was thought to be essentially a sprinter until he turned in an eye-opening performance in the 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile Wood Memorial at Aqueduct, setting a record of 1:47 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the stakes.

This year's Derby may have the smallest field in 28 years (seven or eight) and probably will be a virtual match race between Honest Pleasure and Bold Forbes. It will surely be a track tactician's delight since neither animal, by breeding or instinct, is willing to be "rated." In rough translation, the term means that if you have to run a long way, you had better run some of it slowly, or you might never get there at all.

In a sense, it is a family fight; both horses are grandsons of Bold Ruler, a famous front runner whose offspring have carried that trait. Both have canny jockeys: Baeza, who sits in the saddle like an emperor, and Angel Cordero, New York's top rider in 1975. Of the two, Baeza is considered better at saying whoa to a speed horse Jolley and Bold Forbes' trainer, Laz Barrera, will each



FIRESTONE & JOLLEY WATCH BLUE GRASS WINNER HONEST PLEASURE (ABOVE). READY AFTER TAKING THE WOOD: BOLD FORBES

have to guess the tactics of the other before the Derby begins and decide upon his own. Both jockeys will then have to make split-second decisions as to whether those best laid of plans will have to be abandoned. One danger is that if Bold Forbes and Honest Pleasure both insist on running full tilt from the start, they could go down in embarrassing defeat, even though the other colts are among the most miserable crop in memory.

Controlling a horse that will not "rate" is a formidable challenge. Eddie Arcaro rode Bold Ruler in the 1957 Derby, which the 6-to-5 favorite lost to long-shot Iron Liege. "If you tried to slow Bold Ruler down, if you fought him, he'd just give up on you," Arcaro told TIM last week. "It goes with the breed. You can't fight Honest Pleasure or Bold Forbes either. It makes the tactics of this race a mystery. I imagine both horses will be run as slowly as possible without strangling them. Then we'll see who has something left for the stretch. But they'll be hard to hold at all."

Bargain Price. Of the two, Honest Pleasure is the class. His father, What a Pleasure, sired last year's Derby winner, Foolish Pleasure, and recently was sold for a record \$8 million. LeRoy Jolley encouraged Bert Firestone, a real estate developer from Virginia, and his wife, Dinah, to buy Honest Pleasure at the Saratoga Yearling Sales in 1974. The bargain price was \$45,000. He has since



won \$626,799 and been named 1975's best two-year-old colt.

Bold Forbes, owned by E. Rodriguez Tizol, a San Juan banker, has a less distinguished background. Trained in Puerto Rico, his first five wins were at El Comandante Racetrack in San Juan, where the competition is of dubious quality. But to the special delight of a fast-growing Hispanic following (shades of 1971 Derby Winner Canonero II), he has come very fast—literally.

If fast turns out to be too fast for the two favorites, somebody has to cross the finish line first. Longshot fanciers eye Elmdorf Farm's Play the Red. But longshot fanciers die broke.



PATIENT MAY ANDERSON SERVING HERSELF

No-Frills Hospitals

Few expenses have climbed faster—or higher—than hospital care. The cost of a semiprivate room in a typical U.S. hospital is now more than \$113 a day, three times as high as a decade ago. In some metropolitan areas, such as New York City, Washington and Los Angeles, semiprivate-room rates have risen above \$200. Most hospital officials agree that the greatest single factor in this inflationary increase has been higher salaries for long-neglected employees, whose wages now account for 70% of hospital costs.

Learning to Cope. In an economy move similar to the airlines' no-frills flights, more and more hospitals are offering no-frills care for patients who are sufficiently well to help themselves. The patients are asked to make their own beds, keep their rooms tidy, take meals in the cafeteria rather than wait for them at bedside, even pick up their own medications. The tactic not only keeps down costs—a saving that most hospitals pass directly on to the patient—but can also be an important part of therapy. For example, at St. Mary's in Rochester, Minn., and Michael Reese in Chicago, recent stroke victims and paraplegics bathe themselves and even cook their own meals, thus learning to cope with their handicaps.

Self-care units have been set up at 288 hospitals, roughly 5% of the U.S. total. More can be expected in the future, as hospital administrators wrestle with the difficult problem of holding down expenses while maintain-

ing the quality of patient care. Says an official of the American Hospital Association: "It's one of the most innovative approaches we've yet tried in meeting the challenge of rising medical costs."

Waiting List. Typical is a new minimal-care unit that opened this month at University of Wisconsin Hospitals in Madison. At present its 13 beds in semiprivate rooms are limited to cancer patients who are receiving chemotherapy and/or radiation therapy and must periodically return to the hospital for several days or even weeks. The patients are carefully screened. They must be able to walk about, eat and bathe without assistance, follow their varying schedules for medications, keep their rooms neat and plan their own amusements. In spite of the unit's lack of amenities, its occupancy rate is 95%, higher than the rest of the hospital, and a waiting list is rapidly building up.

Patients and hospital personnel alike are pleased. Relieved from routine work, nurses have more time to give patients counseling and other services that help the patient's well-being. Says the unit's director, Dr. Robert Johnson, a cancer specialist: "Patients are strangers when they come in. But then they meet, become friends and do things, like eating together in the cafeteria." They are also freed from the usual military-like hospital restrictions and can even wear street clothes. Such relaxation of rules gives patients an enormous psychological boost. "They don't have the same sense of being sick that other patients have," says Johnson.

The Madison unit still has a spare, somewhat antiseptic look, but things should brighten in the future. Officials plan to put in new, nonhospital-type furnishings, a lounge with TV and other

Sightless Success

When David Hartman entered Temple University School of Medicine in 1972, even some of his professors doubted that he would complete the rigorous four-year course of study. But Hartman, 26, who has been blind since the age of eight from glaucoma and is the first sightless American medical student in this century (TIME, April 29, 1974), has surprised the skeptics. In a few weeks the physician-to-be will receive his medical degree, and he hopes to become a psychiatrist.

Now ranked in the top 20% of his class of 179, Hartman needed extraordinary dedication to overcome his handicap. In accepting him, Temple waived only a few visual skills—for example, reading X rays. Otherwise, he was required to fulfill all the requirements. That forced Hartman to use considerable ingenuity. In gross anatomy classes, for instance, to take advantage of the sensitivity of his fingertips, he shunned the rubber gloves worn by his classmates when poking around in cadavers—until his fingers became numb from the preservative formaldehyde.

Pulsating Artery. Although helped by his wife Sheryl and fellow students—who read aloud to him from medical texts—Hartman had moments of doubt. Once, in a physiology lab, he passed out while feeling the pulsating artery of an unconscious dog. Later he performed a tracheotomy—an incision into the windpipe—on another dog. In his final year, he accurately diagnosed ailments during clinical rounds—by relying, in part, on descriptions of symptoms by the patients themselves.

Hartman thinks his success may help other handicapped people to enter the professions. Says he: "There is no way a sighted person can tell me what I can or cannot do."

HARTMAN TAKING HIS WIFE'S BLOOD PRESSURE





BARBARA & THE ANCHOR MEN: ABC'S REASONER, CBS'S CRONKITE, NBC'S CHANCELLOR

THE PRESS

Will the Morning Star Shine at Night?

On Barbara Walters' cloth-covered bedside table in her West 57th Street Manhattan apartment—next to the lacquered box she brought back from Jackie Kennedy's 1962 trip to India, the hand-carved back-scratcher from Gerald Ford's visit to China last December, and all the other gewgaws gathered in her hectic travels—there sit two alarm clocks. For years Walters, the co-host queen bee of NBC's early morning *Today* show and the most influential woman on television, has been indentured to those tyrannical timepieces. They are set permanently to go off at 5 a.m. Says she: "I always told people that if I ever had a million dollars my dream was to stay up every night reading trashy novels and sleep until noon."

Last week that dream became reality. In the biggest talent raid since CBS grabbed Jack Benny from NBC, ABC now Walters with an offer of \$1 million a year for five years and a job that will let her sleep until, well, at least 7:30 a.m. Some time between now and next fall, Walters will join an at first furiously reluctant Harry Reasoner in anchoring ABC's lagging *Evening News*. She will be the first woman ever to fill a regular network anchor slot, the most prestigious job in television journalism. She will also become history's highest-paid journalist.

Hard Work. Walters, who now earns around \$400,000 a year from the *Today* show and her own *Not for Women Only* syndicated talk show, will have to hustle for her million. The ABC contract calls for at least four specials and eight to twelve stints as host of the Sunday interview show *Issues and Answers*, in addition to service on the *Evening News*. That program will be expanded from 30 minutes a night to 45 when Walters comes aboard, and ABC affiliates will

also expand their lead-in local news shows to 45 minutes. Yet no matter how her salary is apportioned, Walters will still outearn CBS's Walter Cronkite, NBC's John Chancellor and ABC's Reasoner. Each earns about \$400,000 a year. She will also be hauling in more cash than many of the megastars of the entertainment side of the medium.

That thought troubles quite a few TV news executives. "A good journalist is worth more than a baseball player or a rock star, but I'm worried about where it's going," says CBS News President Richard Salant. "A million dollars is a grotesque amount of money." Trets a top NBC executive: "We're going to have a contagion of on-camera personalities asking for more money."

First in line may have been Harry Reasoner, who reportedly threatened to walk out rather than share the air with Walters. Reasoner, who has been ABC's solo anchor since Howard K. Smith was sidelined to nightly commentaries five months ago, later softened his opposition, probably after ABC promised him more money. "It was my pride reacting," Reasoner said of his original temper tantrum. "My feeling was, Please, mother, I'd rather do it myself. But that was only temporary and irrelevant. The money is the least of my worries. I make more now than I'm worth."

Many inside and outside the industry were afraid that as a result of the competitive bidding for Walters' talents, the line between journalism and show business, always somewhat smudgy in television, would become even further blurred. "It makes me exceedingly uncomfortable that people can command so much money doing news," grouched NBC News President Richard Wald, after losing one of his network's indispu-

table stars. "It's a system that belongs to entertainment, not news." Said a top CBS executive: "For 20 years we've struggled to have broadcast news treated on a par with print news. So when ABC pays someone that kind of money it makes us all look like Hollywood. I can just hear people saying, 'Isn't that typical of television?'"

Male Air. Barbara's big score is also the furthest advance of the women's movement in television. After years of second-class status, female correspondents like NBC's Rebecca Bell and Catherine Mackin, CBS's Lesley Stahl and Connie Chung, and ABC's Hilary Brown are no longer being relegated to "soft" news assignments and feature stories. Still, network executives have long felt that only men can convey the air of authority that anchors need to make news credible. As Reasoner, who is called "a real chauvinist" by a female ABC colleague, puts it, "I have a suspicion that we have not yet come to a complete acceptance of equality between men and women on television."

Such doubts do not trouble ABC News President William Sheehan and the network's top brass. They are counting on Walters to inject a measure of prestige and cash into their sagging news operation. Among the three networks, ABC has long been known as the Triangle Shirtwaist factory—meaning sweatshop—of television journalism. ABC spends about \$44 million a year on its evening news (v. about \$47 million each for CBS and NBC). The network has fewer correspondents than its rivals and is thought to pay them less. In a poll of 78 television editors, critics and columnists on U.S. newspapers taken last fall by *Variety*, only 6% gave ABC high marks in news gathering (v. 72% for CBS and 22% for NBC).

All three networks have tossed around the idea of hiring a woman an-

THE PRESS

chor, but ABC, a perennial third in the battle for audiences, has long been the most serious about it. In 1974, ABC *Evening News* Executive Producer Av Westin began a quiet evaluation of a number of female candidates, among them Walters, 44, Stahl, 33, Brown, 35, now stationed in London, and Liz Trotta, 39, correspondent for New York's WNBC-TV. Then Westin resigned last fall in a row with News Chief Sheehan, and the search was suspended. But the network soon commissioned Frank Magid Associates to test viewer preferences; the firm found that 46% would like to see a woman deliver the news, 41% did not care and only 13% would prefer a man.

Meanwhile ABC suddenly surged into a lead in the ratings race over its rivals for the first time in years (TIME, March 15) and then settled into a strong

NEWS/STYLING



WALTERS & SOMETIME DATE JOHN DIEBOLD
"I'm proud I'm worth a million."

second position not far behind CBS. The ABC *Evening News*, however, did not share in the new-found prosperity of the entertainment shows. ABC news executives, under marching orders to match the network's entertainment-program success, tried almost everything: the set was redesigned to resemble something vaguely like a reception room in a corporate headquarters, news items were compressed and a batch of writers was brought in to turn out sprightlier copy for Reasoner. Result: Reasoner still trailed badly with 19% of the potential viewing audience, to 24% for Chancellor and 28% for Cronkite.

Last March NBC made Walters an offer to renew her contract, which expires in September, on roughly the same terms as her old one. She refused, but left the door open for a better NBC offer. While on vacation in Los Angeles a few weeks ago, she was invited to lunch in a private dining room at ABC's West

Coast headquarters in the Century City complex. Present were Sheehan, ABC Chairman Leonard Goldenson, ABC President Elton Rule and ABC Television President Fred Pierce. They sketched an offer virtually identical to the one she accepted last week. "I was surprised," Walters recalls. "I'd read that they were looking for a woman for the *Evening News*, but I thought they'd offer me a spot on their morning show, opposite *Today*, and I would never do that." *Today* was "her" show, she says, and she would never go on a program competing with it.

First Crack. Walters returned to New York and informed her NBC bosses that she had been talking to another bidder. They quickly countered with their own million-dollar package: four news specials a year, her own magazine-format show, a permanent parole from *Today* in six months and "participation" in the NBC *Nightly News*, with first crack at a co-anchor spot later. For days, Walters worried over the offers. "At NBC I'm at home, secure," she told TIME's Pa-

tricia Becker. "Why would I want to go to ABC? Well, because it would be a challenge. They want to improve their news. If anything changed there because of me, you could see the results directly. But I don't know what I want."

Walters had planned not to make up her mind until this week, but after a particularly wakeful night at mid-week, she called her agent, Lou Weiss of the William Morris Agency, and said that she would join ABC. Later that day NBC released a testy statement that it had withdrawn its offer. The network said that it objected to the "carnival hoopla," and alleged that Walters' agents at William Morris had demanded, among other concessions, a limousine, a hairdresser and full-time flack of her own. Walters called the NBC statement "a lie" and denied that the offer had been revoked. Said she: "I already have a limousine and a hairdresser."

As the smoke from that acrid parting clears, ABC executives may ponder whether the diva of the dawn's early light is worth \$1 million a year to them at night. Most industry analysts seem

to think she is. For one thing, ABC executives hope that her departure from NBC's *Today* show will deepen that program's recent ratings slide, to the pleasure and profit of ABC's competing *Good Morning America*. NBC may well move fast to replace Walters. Some candidates: Candice Bergen, Betty Furness, Bess Myerson and Shana Alexander.

For another, her presence on the *Evening News* could make it one of the most profitable news programs on television (though the networks claim to lose money on their total news operations; their accounting systems make it impossible to be certain they do). Television networks can charge advertisers higher rates if a program's audience increases, and a single additional ratings point for the ABC *Evening News* could be worth as much as \$2.7 million a year in extra ad revenue. That alone would mean a 170% profit on the Walters investment. Some television industry experts believe that Walters could be worth as much as two or three extra ratings points to ABC. The experts note that many people will



INTERVIEWING NIXON IN 1971, BEARDING CASTRO ON 1975 CUBA TRIP



tune in just for the novelty of seeing a woman fill what has until now been a man's job.

Barbara Walters has been struggling to make it in the male-ruled world of television nearly all her adult life. Raised in Brookline, Mass., and Miami, she is the daughter of Nightclub Impresario Lou Walters, who made and lost several minor fortunes during Barbara's girlhood. After Fieldston School, Sarah Lawrence College and a twelve-month marriage to Businessman Bob Katz (annulled; a second marriage ended in divorce last March), she went to work at New York's local NBC TV affiliate, learned the trade, including film editing, and in a year rose to the rank of producer. She left the station, bounced around a number of writing and public relations jobs in and out of television and landed at the *Today* show as a writer in 1961. Always eager, ready and hard-working, she became an on-camera interviewer within three years and began racking up a notable series of interview coups with Mamie Eisenhower, H. R. Haldeman and Anwar Sadat. NBC

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belatedly canonized her in 1974 as the show's co-host, along with Jim Hartz.

Walters has elevated the interview to a high art. "She has a relaxed, easy manner," reports NBC News Vice President Don Meany, who used to be in charge of *Today*. "She doesn't grill her subjects, therefore she elicits more information and keeps the audience on her side." Adds Israeli Ambassador Simcha Dinitz, who has been interviewed by her several times and is a personal friend: "She always asks the questions most Americans want to know, not just the questions on the minds of the professionals. And she doesn't allow you to get away with a flat statement if there's no substance to it."

Wrong Mike. Walters is not without her detractors. Some interview subjects find her distractingly nervous, overtalkative and strident. Harassed colleagues on the *Today* show sometimes complain that she may not suffer from ulcers but she sure is a carrier. CBS Washington Correspondent Connie Chung dismisses Walters as "an interviewer, a talk-show hostess; she does specials, not reporting, but we actually cover stories and then go back and report them." Members of the Washington press corps who have been with her on presidential trips report that she sometimes behaves like a star, not a reporter. She can be aloof, pushy—and ruinously overeager. When Betty Ford kicked off her shoes to dance in Peking, Walters took a microphone from a technician and dashed up to the First Lady for an interview. Trouble was, the mike and accompanying film crew belonged to CBS.

For every foe, however, there are more professional admirers and loyal friends. "She couldn't have been nicer

to me," says Washington Post Reporter Sally Quinn, who flopped as Walters' chief rival on the *CBS Morning News* in 1974. Notes Walter Cronkite, "She has shown exceptional talent in interviewing. She's aggressive and studies her subject." Says Author and former TV Personality Barbara Howard, "She's worth a million dollars. I'm delighted." Some journalists find her a warm and thoughtful acquaintance but refuse to consider her a colleague. As one put it: "What do you say about a 'newswoman' who sells Alpo?"

For one of television's new rich, Walters lives a life of relatively inconspicuous consumption. She has an expensive wardrobe of Halstons and Adolfs, but owns neither real estate nor automobile ("I'm afraid to drive one"). Her roomy apartment near Carnegie Hall houses Daughter Jacqueline, 7½, for whom she shows an almost obsessive devotion, a live-in French governess and a Jamaican cook, who has a small apartment in the same building. The lady of the house often dines out, sometimes with Management Consultant John Diebold or Alan Greenspan, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Says she: "I tell Alan what terrible shape the economy is in."

Walters' own economy will be fairly inflation-proof for some time. Yet even though she has been making what most Americans would consider a handsome living for at least a decade, the world's highest-paid journalist says she does not feel rich. "I've never had real financial security," she says. "I've always had family obligations, and now I'm head of a household. I never asked for a million dollars. They're paying me this because this is what I'm worth. And I'm proud I'm worth it."

Divorced. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., 61, son of the 32nd President of the U.S. and board chairman of Fiat-Roosevelt Motors; and Felicia W. Roosevelt, 49, daughter of the late financier-philanthropist Paul Felix Warburg, after five years of marriage; in Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Died. Joe David Brown, 60, journalist and bestselling author (*Addie Pray, Stars in My Crown, Kings Go Forth*), of a heart attack; near Mayfield, Ga. Brown at 21 became the nation's youngest managing editor (of the *Dodan, Ala., Eagle*). After serving as a paratrooper in World War II, he became a *TIME* writer and a correspondent overseas; he later wrote for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and *Time-Life Books*. Brown, between journalistic jobs, turned to short stories and novels, many of which were about life in the backwoods South which the courtly author knew and loved. Three books became movies: *Tatum*

O'Neal, playing Brown's memorable tomboy Addie Pray in *Paper Moon*, won the 1973 Academy Award for best supporting actress.

Died. Michael Greer, 60, fashionable interior decorator (for Ethel Merman, Mary Martin, Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper); of strangulation; in Manhattan. At week's end police were searching Manhattan's gay community for clues to his murderer. Greer, an admitted homosexual, was reportedly seen at a gay leather bar hours before his death.

Died. Samuel Belkin, 64, Polish-born chancellor of Manhattan's Yeshiva University; after a long illness, in New York City. Belkin supervised the university's growth from a relatively small seminary to an institution that included America's first medical school (Albert Einstein) and first liberal-arts college for women (Stern) under Jewish sponsorship, as well as several graduate schools

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R & D on the Skids

U.S. science is the best in the world.

For years following World War II, U.S. scientists and Government officials could—and often did—make this statement without fear of challenge. Now, however, those who do are likely to meet with a demurrer, even from within the scientific community. No one believes the U.S. has lost its overall advantage in science and technology. But scientists attending a two-day symposium sponsored by Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Washington last week agreed that the U.S. lead has diminished drastically in the past decade and could erode entirely if the nation does not take some serious—and speedy—steps to stay ahead. Said M.I.T. President Jerome B. Wiesner, "If we don't apply our enormous, unused capacity to technology, we

Soviets, West Germans, French and Japanese now spend a greater portion of their G.N.P.s on research than does the U.S. Indeed, the U.S. investment in research actually decreased during the early 1970s, primarily at the expense of "pure" science, which was considered less productive than applied science.

Some skeptics reject the NSF suggestion that American science is on the skids. "The U.S. is still the most productive nation in the world," said Nobel-prizewinning Economist Paul A. Samuelson at last week's symposium. A few suspect that the alarm over U.S. scientific performance may be a ploy to win more money for research. Daniel S. Greenberg, editor and publisher of a Washington-based newsletter called *Science and Government Report*, wrote during a similar scare two years ago that "the elders of science are possessed by visions of doom" that can only be ex-

the U.S. must commit itself as a country to solving its most pressing technological problems. In the past, he notes, Government and science worked together to close the missile gap and place a man on the moon. Now, he believes, the two should adopt a similar attitude toward ending the energy crisis, which he and others consider the most urgent problem facing the nation. It is too early to tell if Greenwood's advice on energy will be heeded, but there is at least one indication that the country intends to pick up its pace where science is concerned. The Ford Administration recently increased the U.S. research and development budget by 11%, which means the country will invest \$24.7 billion in science in 1977.

News Under the Sun

The Book of Ecclesiastes says there is nothing new under the sun. Scientists exploring the solar system disagree—and with good reason. Each week their telescopes, radar screens, sampling devices and satellites uncover new information about the sun and its planets. Among their latest findings:

JUPITER'S TAIL. Because their cores are molten metal, both Jupiter and the earth possess mighty magnetic fields. Both planets also carry magnetic tails—or bulges in their magnetic fields—caused by exposure to the million-mile-per-hour solar wind, a flow of highly charged particles from the sun. Satellites of the Pioneer series determined in 1966 that the earth's magnetic tail extends some 395,000,000 miles "down solar wind" of the planet. The Pioneer 10 satellite, which recently passed Jupiter on its way out of the solar system, proved that Jupiter's tail is even longer. Pioneer's solar-wind gauges were shut down for at least 24 hours by a powerful magnetic field, indicating that the satellite was passing through the planet's tail. According to scientists at NASA's Ames Research Center, Jupiter's tail must now be considered in planning any future space probes. The tail stretches for 430 million miles and spans the distance between the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn.

NEW VIEW OF VENUS. Most cosmologists consider earth to be the only planet in the solar system that is still being altered by geologic processes. But Michael Main of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif., believes Venus may also be active. The researcher bases his thoughts about the dynamism of Venus on observations made by others through the huge radio telescope at Goldstone, Calif. One series of shots of Venus' surface shows a vast, trouglieike depression about three-quarters of a mile long and 200 yds. wide; another shows, on an otherwise smooth plain, a

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK R. MURPHY © 1977



face a problem of whether we shall survive 30 years from now."

The debate over U.S. science has taken on a new intensity this year. In its annual report to the President last February the National Science Foundation included evidence that the nation's scientific performance was slipping. The report showed, for example, that the U.S., which produced 82% of all major innovations—including nuclear reactors, oral contraceptives, integrated circuits, and remote sensing systems—during the late '50s, accounted for only 55% during the mid-'60s.

Visions of Doom. The report notes an increase in foreign innovation. A decade ago, foreign inventions accounted for only 18% of the patents issued by the U.S. patent office; by 1973 they accounted for 30%. The NSF report also claims U.S. scientific literature has declined in both quality and quantity. The

orced by more money. He finds nothing in the NSF report to change his view.

But many scientists confess concern over the future of U.S. science and admit there is some substance to the NSF report. In the years since World War II, many American firms have taken advantage of lower European and Japanese wages to do much of their research and development, not to mention manufacturing, abroad. As a result, said the M.I.T. scientists, other countries are ahead of the U.S. in certain areas, such as the development of supersonic passenger jets and the discovery and introduction of new drugs. European and Japanese efforts to catch and surpass the U.S. will probably increase. Said M.I.T. Economist Michael J. Piore: "I sense that we're going to be on the technological defensive."

To regain the initiative, Political Science Professor Ted Greenwood believes

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ELECTRIC

Wooster
WOOSTER
APPLIANCE CTR.

Xenia
BLACK'S
FURNITURE

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GOODYEAR
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SCIENCE

cluster of 15 to 20 peaks in a pattern strongly reminiscent of volcanoes on earth. A third view further strengthens suspicions that Venus, whose high temperatures (around 900° F.) suggest a medieval theologian's idea of hell, may possess a recently active volcano. It shows a mountain measuring 279 miles by 186 miles at its base, at its summit is a 90-yd. depression that some believe may have been made by a meteor but Malin speculates is the crater of a volcano.

FROZEN HELL. The planet named for the Greek god of the underworld is considerably colder than Venus. Ever since Pluto was first discovered in 1930, scientists have wondered why the planet, which lies on the outermost reaches of the solar system, shines so brightly. Three scientists from the University of Hawaii's Institute for Astronomy have now come up with an answer. Theorizing that Pluto is far enough from the sun to escape its heat and thus likely to be covered by ice, the trio used the telescope at Kitt Peak, Ariz., to study the planet through different filters. One filter passed light waves characteristic of those reflected by water ice; the other, the wave lengths intensely reflected by methane ice. The tests showed that Pluto is largely covered by frozen methane. They also give an idea of how cold it is on the distant planet. Methane, the basic ingredient of natural gas on earth, will not freeze unless the temperature is nearly -300° Fahrenheit.

Earthquake Alert

Honeycombed with literally thousands of geological faults, California has already had its share of earthquakes. But, warns a California Institute of Technology geophysicist, the state may soon be in for another. James Whitcomb, 35, said last week measurements suggest that an earthquake ranging in magnitude from 5.5 to 6.5 on the Richter scale could occur within the next year in an area 87 miles in diameter that covers part of Los Angeles and the San Fernando and Antelope valleys. It includes the portion of the San Fernando where a major upheaval killed 58 people in 1971 and part of the area being watched by geophysicists because of a mysterious phenomenon called the Palmdale bulge (TIME, April 19).

Whitcomb is using an experimental earthquake-prediction technique developed in the Soviet Union and successfully employed by Columbia University scientists to predict a small tremor in the Adirondack Mountains in upstate New York. The method involves measurement of variations in the velocities of sound waves traveling through subsurface rock. While no one, from scientists to civil defense authorities, is dismissing Whitcomb's prediction, his data will come under intense scrutiny by experts of the California Earthquake Prediction Evaluation Council within the next two weeks.

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PIANIST MURRAY PERAHIA REHEARSING AT MANHATTAN'S AVERY FISHER HALL

MUSIC

Poet of the Piano

With Rubinstein, Horowitz and Richter still around, this is not exactly a poor age for the piano. But no need to fear the historians' old canard about each epoch of artistic plenty being followed by drought. The best of today's pianists are already being pressed by some younger challengers, among them Vladimir Ashkenazy, 38, the Russian-born star who now lives in Iceland, and Italy's Maurizio Pollini, 34. They, in turn, have to look over their shoulders at even younger contenders.

One of them comes from—why not?—The Bronx. He is Murray Perahia, 29, a slight, dark, fine-boned pianist who looks rather like some 19th century poet. The music he favors is gentle too. Playing Mendelssohn or Chopin, he closes his eyes, lifts his face toward the ceiling, and effortlessly—sometimes while smiling whimsically—spins out a bright melody. Yet later on in a program, he can also hammer out Bartók with enough flash and thunder to rival anyone's musical fireworks.

Although Perahia began studying piano at six, he was no performing prodigy. Until he reached his mid-20s, he was mainly a team man, playing chamber music with such artists as Alexander Schneider, Rudolf Serkin and Pablo Casals, whom he met at the Marlboro Music Festival. At the Mannes College of Music in Manhattan, Perahia studied conducting with Carl Bamberger. "I was very involved in absolute music, in how certain notes react to one another," he says. Only after he graduated did he become fascinated by the demands and mysteries of solo performing.

In 1972 Perahia laid aside his baton for a Steinway. He was 25, short on experience, and well aware that he needed a competition success to make a name for himself. Fighting nausea all the way, he won England's important Leeds International Pianoforte Competition. That brought him 50 performing dates

and a contract with Columbia Records, which had not signed a new pianist since André Watts in the mid-1960s. His concert fees started to rise. (He now makes \$5,000 per engagement.)

Then a year ago, just as his career was beginning to soar, Perahia grounded himself. Success, he explains, "took me by surprise. Suddenly there was no time for anything else. I was labeled a specialist in Chopin and Schumann. Now that's not bad. But I also wanted to learn more Handel, Brahms and Haydn, whether or not I played them in public." He also decided he was "not really a piano buff," that he was more "interested in the ideas behind the music" than in one instrument.

Broader Interest. Perahia spent his sabbatical in London. He went to the theater and read constantly: Huxley, Woolf, Joyce, Homer. He discovered a musical colony that is far more diverse than the one camped along Manhattan's Central Park West. Praising the BBC's role in educating English audiences, Perahia claims that interest in serious music is far broader in Britain than in the U.S. "In London," he insists, "there isn't anybody on the street who hasn't heard that Benjamin Britten is composing again."

But when his sabbatical was over, Perahia was ready to return to work. "I really missed giving concerts," he says. In February he began a coast-to-coast U.S. tour in which he appeared as recitalist, chamber musician and symphony soloist. Last week he played Schumann's piano concerto at Manhattan's Avery Fisher Hall with Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. In a style that is classically clear, Perahia illuminated the familiar. Melodies flowed from his fingers in a pure cantabile that would be the envy of many an opera singer. Finally, unable to resist his melting tones, a few in the audience yielded to the temptation to hum along with Murray. Schumann probably would not have minded.

Blitz in Britain

England has seen nothing like it since the boom days of the Beatles a decade ago—if then. The record charts in Britain last week told a startling tale of domination of the pop-music market. Of the 100 bestselling singles, almost 25% are the work of one group. In little more than a month, the group has sold 1 million records.

Has a successor to the Beatles finally been found? Not at all. It is the Beatles themselves, all over again. Calling the tune in one of the most masterly English marketing campaigns in record-industry history is EMI, Ltd., which has recirculated the Beatles' hits to drumbeats of publicity. Pop-music radio stations have been barraged with "presentation boxes" of Beatles singles, and browsers in record stores are greeted at every turn with Beatles counter displays. The most successful single is the Beatles' 1968 ode to the restorative powers of love, *Hey Jude* (in twelfth place), followed by *Yesterday* (18) and *Get Back* (32). The resurrection of the Beatles speaks partly of the whimsical nature of the British pop market. But it also reminds that the Beatles' eloquent melodies, pungent lyrics and ingenious instrumental arrangements remain the closest thing to a classical music ever produced by the pop world.

Stuffed Stores. The U.S. is the next target for a Beatles blitz. Beginning in June, Capitol Records, an EMI subsidiary, will saturate radio and TV stations with Beatles commercials; stores will be stuffed with mobiles, contest blanks, souvenirs and posters of Paul, John, George and Ringo. Says Capitol Vice President Dan Davis: "It will be a real Beatles bonanza." Get set, America.

THE BEATLES FLYING HIGH IN 1966





U R W MEMBERS PICKETING (TOP) AND ON THE JOB; UNION PRESIDENT BOMMARITO

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

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Rubber's Costly Showdown

Plastered to the gold-wallpapered column in the lobby of the Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel, a newly printed bumper sticker proclaimed: DON'T BUY FIRESTONE PRODUCTS. Nearby, in an elegant ballroom, negotiators for Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. and the United Rubber Workers had failed to wrap up a new contract—and so, across the nation, 60,000 union members walked off their jobs at plants of the industry's Big Four (Firestone, Uniroyal, Goodrich and Goodyear).

The strike illustrates a growing danger for the economy: what had been expected to be a relatively peaceful labor-bargaining climate this year is turning testy. The walkout will not immediately hurt national production, but a long strike could damage the recovery, and a high settlement could pump up now-subsiding inflation. Unhappily, the nation is almost sure to get one or the other outcome, if not both. As one Detroit Uniroyal worker put it, "We settled short last time, and now business is booming and we gotta get ours."

"Last time" was the spring of 1973, when Phase III wage and price controls were in effect and the U.R.W. signed a contract providing a 6.2% maximum annual pay and benefits increase and containing no cost-of-living adjustment (COLA) provision. Since then, prices have risen so fast that the rubber workers, who now make an average of \$5.50 an hour, have found that their purchasing power has slumped 8% despite the raises. Most galling, auto workers, whose

pay scales the rubber workers have traditionally paralleled, negotiated their 1973 contract after Phase III had expired, and pushed their pay scales \$1.45 an hour above the U.R.W. rates.

The U.R.W. selected Firestone as its "target company" and demanded a COLA with no "cap," or limit, plus a \$1.65 hourly raise (\$2 for skilled tradesmen) right away. The union also asked for further raises in the second and third contract years and an increase in fringe benefit expenditures from \$3.55 to \$4.73 per hour. Further, it demanded that workers who do not produce tires be paid no less than tire workers.

Global Boycott. Firestone and the other companies protested that operations producing shoe heels or tennis balls face intense competition from non-union factories, and could not afford to pay tire-factory wages. The U.R.W. may compromise on this point, but across-the-board raises are another matter. Just before the strike deadline, Firestone increased its wage offer by a dime, to a \$1.15 hourly raise over three years, and offered a COLA that would be activated if the Consumer Price Index rose more than seven percentage points in any one year. Peter Bommarito, 60, the U.R.W.'s tireless, white-moustached president, called the offer "insulting."

Bommarito's followers are primed for a long strike. The U.R.W. has called for a worldwide boycott of Firestone products beginning May 1, and the AFL-CIO has extended its endorsement—a gesture it does not make lightly. But

since marshaling support for a global boycott can take some time, it is unlikely that a don't-buy-Firestone campaign can have much effect before June.

Nor will the strike do much damage for a while. The automakers, who get some 65% of their tires from the Big Four, have stockpiles that should last up to a month. Dealers of replacement tires should be able to hold out longer. Yet a long strike eventually could shut down the auto plants, dealing national production a crippling blow.

The rubber companies will be under great pressure to come close to the union's demands. The Ford Administration has demonstrated that it wants no long walkouts in an election year; it accepted, as the price of settling a two-day strike, a Teamsters' contract that may raise wages and benefits 33% over the next three years. Moreover, the rubber companies are expected to increase their profits by perhaps 33% this year, thanks to the growth in auto production. Firestone President Richard Riley has forecast a 23% growth in worldwide sales of original-equipment tires.

Recently Merrill Lynch Pierce Fenner & Smith predicted that the U.R.W. would win a 41% wage-and-benefits increase over three years. If that happens, the brokerage firm calculates, tire prices will rise 6% this year and 3% in each of the next two years. The Interstate Commerce Commission last week approved a 6% increase in freight rates that truck lines had requested in anticipation of a fat Teamsters contract; the truckers are expected to ask for another 7% to 8% next year. The C.P.I. rose at an annual rate of only 2.4% in March, but nobody expects the rate to stay that low. If wages push up prices, hopes for holding the inflation rate below 6% this year could

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

vanish quickly. Worse, as Robert Nathan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists points out, new contracts with unlimited COLA clauses will have their biggest inflationary impact in 1977 and 1978.

Yet that is precisely the kind of contract that future labor negotiations are likely to produce. Two unions of electrical workers have already informed General Electric they will accept no cap in a new agreement, and will require

big raises besides to catch up with past inflation. The G.E. contract expires on June 27, and Westinghouse's two weeks later. "Once you get a pattern established, it can be hard to stop," muses an Administration labor official. "When the rank and file in one union see another union strike and get a good settlement, they start agitating to do the same. We're just hoping it doesn't get contagious." He is a bit late; the contagion seems to be in the air.

PHOTOGRAPHY

A Hard Tussle Between Friends

In his determination to make simple photography available to everyone, George Eastman coined the snappy name Kodak[®] and created a worldwide army of snapshooters egged on by such advertising slogans as: "You press the button—we do the rest." In the most elaborate re-emphasis of that philosophy in nearly a century, Eastman Kodak Co. last week introduced to the press its long-awaited instant-picture camera. But this time Kodak is playing follower instead of leader. It will be competing in a market long monopolized by Polaroid Corp., which ushered in the instant-photography era nearly three decades ago.

Even though Polaroid's sales are relatively

small (\$800 million last year, v. \$5 billion for Kodak), the battle will be no Goliath v. David affair. Polaroid is well entrenched in its field, with effective marketing and technology, its name and cameras are almost as well known as Kodak's. Polaroid officials appeared in no way worried when Kodak showed off its cameras. A comparison between the products, said one, "renews our confidence that our leadership in the field of instant photography remains unchallenged."

Kodak will begin selling its new cameras in

the U.S. in June; Canadian introduction is planned for May. The two models shown last week are ranked as generally competitive with Polaroid's Pronto SX-70-type camera, and all three units are expected to be deeply discounted. The Pronto, introduced in March and selling fast, retails in some places for as much as \$16 off its \$66 list.

Kodak's cameras are the hand-cranked EK4 (list price: \$54), which has no motor, and the battery-powered EK6 (\$70). Both do what the Pronto does: eject multilayered cards packed with dyes and chemicals that turn into pictures before the viewer's eyes in a few minutes. Kodak's entries, like Polaroid's SX-70 line, produce dry-to-the-touch prints without the necessity of peeling off and discarding material, as users of the Polaroid process had to do before the SX-70 system made its debut in 1972. Prices for a ten-picture pack of film: \$7.45, before discounting, for Kodak's instant film; \$6.99 for Polaroid's. Several Japanese companies are rumored to be about to make cameras that will be able to use the new Kodak film.

Photo critics rate Kodak's cameras and the Pronto about equal in delivering picture quality. They give Kodak the edge in color reproduction and Polaroid in sharpness. Kodak's film surface is a dull sheen, slightly textured to soften lines and forgive errors in focusing. Polaroid's is a high gloss, although the company is marketing a low-gloss film in the Midwest. Kodak's instant uses a

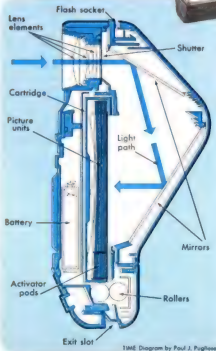
dye-release process that can respond to a greater range of colors than current SX-70 film, or so photo experts assert. The films are not dramatically different in chemistry. But they are far enough apart, in the view of analysts, to preclude any patent-infringement suits by Polaroid against Kodak.

On Wall Street, Polaroid's stock rose a few points but Kodak's dipped, a classic case of buying on the rumor and selling on the news. Analysts expect the new instant line to add only a few percentage points to Kodak's profits, which come from chemicals and textiles as well as photography. Many analysts were a shade disappointed in the new cameras. They had expected something dramatically different from the company that developed the first successful color film for amateurs (Kodachrome, in 1935) and has sold 75 million Instamatics since the introduction of that phenomenally successful line in 1963. Said one Wall Streeteer: "It was strictly a 'me too' performance." A New York TV newscaster referred last week to the new "Kodak Polaroid," then corrected himself.

Plywood Brownie. Kodak is not worried that its instant cameras will eat into Instamatic sales. About the size of a tape recorder and weighing 29 oz., the EK6 is seen by analysts as best used for indoor pictures and backyard snapshots. Said one: "It's great, but you can't take it skiing." Nonetheless, a Kodak marketing survey concluded that 24 million U.S. families would be interested in buying an instant camera of the kind that Kodak has now introduced if the price is right (about \$50).

Kodak has been toying with instant-photography technology for at least 20 years: "plywood Brownie" was the name of a laboratory exposure system for Kodak's instant films (Polaroid has the same flair for nostalgia: SX 70 was the code designation for the research project that led to its first instant-picture camera in 1947.) But Kodak got cracking only in the 1960s, when Polaroid began rapidly lowering the prices of its instant cameras. Kodak's cameras have been put together since January on a 600-ft. assembly line in Kodak Park in Rochester; the development effort involved thousands of employees in Rochester, London and Paris.

Whatever the outcome of Kodak v. Polaroid, it will be a contest between friends. Kodak manufactured much of Polaroid's film up until 1974. Forever fearful of antitrust actions, Kodak officials were privately delighted to let Polaroid start the instant business. Polaroid Founder Edwin Land has been grateful to Kodak for other reasons. In the 1930s, when Polaroid was a tiny company making light-polarizing sheets (that eventually evolved into the popular sunglasses), Eastman Kodak was among its first customers. Without that deal, there quite possibly would have been no Polaroid instant camera for Kodak to challenge last week.



TIME Diagram by Paul J. Pugh



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Putting Trivia Ahead of Safety

Each year literally millions of U.S. workers are killed or crippled by job-related injury or disease. Six years ago, Congress created the Occupational Safety and Health Administration to solve this pressing industrial problem. But progress has been slow, if measurable at all. Last year 12,400 workers were killed in industrial accidents, not a very significant improvement over the 13,700 who died in 1971, OSHA's first year, another 2.1 million suffered disabling injuries. The Public Health Service in 1973 estimated that there were 390,000 new cases of occupational disease in the U.S. every year, and as many as 100,000 deaths; it believes that the figures are no better today.

Justifiably, OSHA is widely regarded as one of the biggest debacles in Washington. It draws fire from businessmen, union chiefs, lawyers, Ralph Nader and an assortment of politicians, including President Ford, who attacks OSHA for "unnecessary and unjustified harassment of citizens." The most serious charge is that OSHA has got snarled up in enforcement of petty rules to the neglect of more important matters.

Foot and Ankle. Granted broad powers to protect 50 million workers in 4 million workplaces, OSHA got off to an unwieldy start by immediately promulgating as law almost all safety regulations then on the books at federal agencies and organizations like the National Fire Protection Association. The result: an encyclopedic collection of do's and don'ts, 7 ft. thick if stacked together and packed with dizzying minutiae. Six pages of regulations deal with wooden ladders. Sample: "Knots, if tight and sound and less than one half inch in diameter, are permitted... provided they are not more frequent than 1 to any 3 feet of ladder length."

OSHA recently has trimmed its rule books a bit, plucking out such anachronisms as a prohibition against ice in factory drinking water (a throwback to a time years ago when ice was cut from polluted rivers). Last week OSHA's director, Assistant Secretary of Labor Morton Corn, said that some of the agency's harshest regulations soon would be revised and businessmen would get a louder voice in changing them.

But many of the agency's regulations still are paradigms of impenetrable prose that lawyers waste precious time interpreting. In one safety-shoe case, lawyers wrangled over the word extremity; did it mean toes, the entire foot or the foot and ankle? Such procedures consume vast quantities of time and money, even when OSHA has no case at all. One airline was cited for noise violations, only to prove after days of investigation that OSHA's inspector had read his decibel meter incorrectly.

"OSHA is floundering in trivia," says James D. ("Mike") McKevitt, former Colorado Congressman and current Washington lawyer for the 440,000-member National Federation of Independent Business. A Nader study reports that through the first four years of OSHA's activity, more than 98% of its citations involved nonserious cases and fines averaging a mere \$19. Meanwhile, after five years, OSHA has produced a grand total of three comprehensive health standards for industry: one governing the amount of asbestos that can be present in factory environments, another for carcinogens, a third for vinyl chloride. It has yet to specify limits and control procedures for such toxic substances as ammonia, sulfur dioxide, be-

porters see the requirement for the statements as an Administration ploy to postpone until after the election regulations that would be costly to Big Business. Labor Secretary W.J. Usery, whose department includes OSHA, denies that the delay is politically motivated.

Director Corn, a respected professor of occupational health at the University of Pittsburgh, who was appointed to head OSHA late last year, is determined to make the agency more effective. Corn is moving to hire 250 new inspectors and expand the agency's training program to focus more on worker health. Of 1,200 OSHA inspectors, only 135 are industrial hygienists. "OSHA has taken a hell of a rap for petty enforcement," says Corn. "It was deserved. We've concentrated far too much on safety and not enough on health."

But Corn is under no illusion that his task will be easy. Already bills are piling up in Congress that would weak-



INSPECTOR CHECKING OUT FRUIT PROCESSING PLANT. A COMPANY SAFETY POSTER
Protests from companies, unions, Ralph Nader and President Ford.

ryllium and lead—the last a known danger since the Middle Ages.

Why is OSHA so inefficient? One reason is lack of money. While OSHA's budget has ballooned from \$36 million in fiscal '72 to about \$117 million now, the agency's scientific research effort has languished because of underfunding. Average salaries in OSHA's research unit are about \$13,000, equal to the pay of a good Washington secretary and hardly enough to lure top talent.

There are indications that the agency has been hobbled by politics. The White House tried to use OSHA to raise funds from employers during Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign. Recently, OSHA postponed issuing several new health codes until next year. Reason: the Administration insisted that it file statements on the potential inflationary impact of its proposed codes. Such statements can run hundreds of pages and cost up to \$100,000 each. OSHA's sup-

porters see the requirement for the statements as an Administration ploy to postpone until after the election regulations that would be costly to Big Business. Labor Secretary W.J. Usery, whose department includes OSHA, denies that the delay is politically motivated.

CORPORATIONS

Lockheed: Still Aloft

Can Lockheed Aircraft Corp. survive? The question has been asked ever since the Government saved the aerospace giant from bankruptcy in 1971 by guaranteeing the repayment of \$250 million in bank loans; it has become more urgent as a result of the furor touched off by revelations about Lockheed's ex-





LOCKHEED ORION TRACKING
SOVIET SUB OFF GIBRALTAR

tensive foreign bribery. The scandal brought in a new management, headed by Robert W. Haack, 59, former president of the New York Stock Exchange. Last week *TIME* Correspondent John Quirt interviewed Haack and other sources inside and outside the company and filed this report.

In Haack's view, there is "absolutely no reason" to doubt Lockheed can stay afloat, and there are some grounds for "becoming a little more encouraged" about its ability to begin soon acting again like a normally functioning corporation. Among the reasons: the recent addition of four new outside directors, giving outsiders ten of the 17 seats on the board, and the signing of a consent decree that settles a Securities and Exchange Commission lawsuit against the company and clears Lockheed to hold a long-overdue annual shareholders' meeting some time this summer. Now, says Haack, "it is important to ask: What exactly is the company's problem? It's not a lack of cash right now; working capital is up \$100 million from a year ago. And it's not earnings; they are progressing reasonably well. The real problem is a balance sheet with a debt of \$813 million and an equity of only \$75 million." Although Haack says that Lockheed may begin repaying the Government-guaranteed portion of its debt

this year, the General Accounting Office has expressed doubt that the company can complete repayment on schedule by 1978—and the Government is unlikely to renew the guarantee.

Last week in Atlanta, Lockheed officials met for the first time this year with representatives of all 24 of the company's lending banks. The bankers have agreed to cancel \$50 million of the debt, in return for warrants to buy Lockheed preferred stock. Lockheed wants them to convert even more loans into stock or warrants—but is wary of issuing too many new shares that would dilute the equity of stockholders. A compromise is likely by summer: the banks would lose heavily if the inability to repay loans pushed Lockheed into bankruptcy, and Lockheed so badly needs to reduce its debt that it will probably settle for whatever terms it can get.

Nagging Concern. To survive, Lockheed needs to sell off marginal assets, like the Hollywood-Burbank Airport, and find more customers for its TriStar jumbo jet. Over the next ten years the company will write off as losses \$500 million in TriStar development costs, and it needs more sales to cushion the blow. Defense business is encouraging: Lockheed should this year match the \$2 billion in Government contracts that it booked in 1975. Modifications of the C-5A and C-141 transports could lead over the next few years to an additional \$1.5 billion in military orders.

Now that Lockheed has adopted a stringent no-payoffs policy, one nagging concern is overseas contracts. Says Haack: "That policy will probably cost us some business, but we can't really worry about it." Another problem is that Canada, partly because it is dubious about paying out any money until it is certain Lockheed can stay in business, has held off on signing a \$650 million deal to buy 18 Orion antisubmarine patrol planes—even though Lockheed began building the planes in December. Lockheed officials, though, are confident the contract will come through.

In the long run, if Lockheed survives, it may not remain independent but merge itself into another company. One possible partner: *Textron Inc.*, the giant conglomerate that considered a merger last year but then backed away. If Lockheed can get its debt refinanced, Textron may just reconsider.

SHIPPING

Those Ruthless Russians

Which nation is the world's top maritime power? Most people would say the U.S., because it still has the mightiest navy. But the correct answer, when all types of ships are counted, is the Soviet Union. After three decades of feverish shipbuilding, the Russians have the second biggest navy, the No. 1 fishing fleet and—here is the clincher—a rapidly

growing merchant marine that has already opened a new era of commercial competition on the high seas.* Soviet shippers are plying routes to every major port, from San Francisco to Dar es Salaam, Hamburg to Mombasa. It is almost as if the Russians were following the turn-of-the-century imperialist dictum: "Trade follows the flag."

Low Operating Costs. Certainly, the Soviet merchant fleet is acting in the old capitalist tradition of clearing out the competition by price-cutting. The targets are tariffs set in "conferences"—international shipping agreements—that cover nearly all commodities on the world's trade routes. A conference member, for example, must charge \$52.75 per ton for carrying kraft wrapping paper from the U.S.'s West Coast to the Far East. The Soviet price: \$38. Russian ships will haul coffee or sisal from Kenya to Europe for half of the conference rate, machine tools from West Germany to Canada at a 45% reduction, or indeed any product at whatever discount will win the business.

The Soviet shippers can get away with such tactics for simple economic reasons. Their operating costs are low. Russian crews are paid substantially less than Western sailors, and bunker oil, which sells for up to \$80 per ton on the world market, costs the oil-rich Russians just \$20 a ton. Nor are the state-owned Soviet ships saddled with the interest and financing charges that can account for about half the costs of running a Western vessel. Beyond that, the Soviet merchant marine does not have to show a profit: the state can absorb losses until Western lines cut service, or even abandon unprofitable routes. If that happens, warns A.E. Lemon, Director of the British & Commonwealth Shipping

*The U.S.S.R.'s navy has more ships than the U.S. but less tonnage. Its merchant marine second in number of vessels (ranks behind Liberia, Japan, the U.K., Norway, Greece and Panama in ocean-going tonnage). The U.S. is No. 10.

SOVIET SHIP IN WASHINGTON STATE



Co. "The Russians will be able to raise rates to whatever level they wish."

Pressing their advantage, the Soviets have embarked on a new shipbuilding spree. Nationalistic logic would dictate that the new ships be more tankers to handle the U.S.S.R.'s swelling exports of oil and bulk carriers to haul imported grain and exported coal. But the Russians instead have ordered from their own and other Communist countries' shipyards 100 new dry-cargo vessels and 33 fast container ships—vessels

LOADING GRAPEFRUIT IN TAMPA BAY



clearly destined for general world trade.

Some British theorists think that the Russians intend the new ships to serve an anticipated boom in East-West trade. The most popular explanation for the shipbuilding surge, though, reflects cold-war logic. The Soviets want the hard currency that their shipping industry can earn—especially U.S. dollars and West German marks—and the prestige that can come from showing the red flag around the world. Adds Karl-Heinz Sager, deputy chairman of Hamburg's Hapag-Lloyd shippers: "The Russians are also learning a great deal about the flows of trade and kinds of goods. That kind of information is invaluable for them politically and strategically."

Western shippers hope that their governments can reach some agreement to penalize the rate-cutting Russians. That seems unlikely. So the conferences are following a strategy of "if you can't lick 'em, ask 'em to join you"; they are inviting the Soviet lines to become members. With little success so far, the Russians have joined only 14 of the 300-odd conferences round the world.

SWITZERLAND

Falling Behind Time

Watchmaking has long been a vocation as innately Swiss as yodeling and cheese making. Last year the country produced 79 million timepieces, nearly 40% of the world total. But that figure is not so pleasing as it might seem; the industry is in a slump that looks more like a depression than a recession. Swiss exports, which take 97% of production, fell 22% last year—40% in the key U.S. market. Red ink has turned up in the accounts of most manufacturers, and more than 16,000 skilled watchmakers, or 21% of the industry's labor force, have lost their jobs in the past 18 months. More than two-thirds of those still employed are working less than a full day. Sales have been hurt by the global recession and the astronomical rise of the Swiss franc on world money markets, which has added 70% to the dollar price of a Swiss watch since 1971. But the most ominous development has been a marketing blunder: Swiss watchmakers failed to appreciate the sales potential of electronic digital watches.

Their own engineers did not let the watchmakers down. The first quartz-based wristwatch was produced in Neuchâtel in 1967, and Switzerland's chemical industry led in developing the liquid crystal displays used in many digital watches. But U.S. manufacturers got a technological lead, using miniaturization techniques largely developed for the space program, and began mass production that sent prices tumbling. Texas Instruments recently announced that it will market a digital watch for \$20. Swiss watchmakers had held back, believing digital timepieces would be only a fad

"There were people in Switzerland who thought one could never do away with the hands on a watch," admits Georges-Adrien Matthey, director general of Société Suisse pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. (S.S.I.H.), which makes Omega and Tissot watches. Result: of the more than 4 million digital watches produced in the world last year, fewer than 500,000 were made in Switzerland.

Cottage Industry. The Swiss are now scrambling to catch up. Ebauches S.A., with a license from Hughes Aircraft Co., plans to produce more than 1 million digital watches this year. Before the end of 1976, S.S.I.H. will produce digital watches in the \$15-\$30 range. Meanwhile, the Swiss are applying their considerable know-how to improving electronic technology. At the Basel Fair last weekend, two manufacturers showed off the world's first electronic watches that do not require a battery.

Even such advances cannot solve the social problems that have resulted from the watch industry's decline. To a large extent, watchmaking has remained a cottage industry, with production divided among more than 1,000 firms scattered throughout the foothills of the French-speaking Jura region. Unemployment among the workers has inevitably affected Switzerland's normally strike-free labor relations. In January, 189 workers at a U.S.-owned Bulova plant in Neuchâtel went on strike to oppose plans for consolidating production in Bienne, 20 miles down the road.

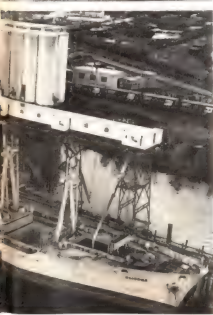
Even if business picks up, the prospects are grim. The average electronic watch requires only half as much labor as a mechanical watch, and present watchmaking skills, maintained through generations, are sometimes not transferable. Only time can tell whether or not the Swiss industry's belated push to go electronic can prevent the disappearance of a way of life.

AUTOS

American-Made Rabbit

Volkswagenwerk AG finally made it official last week: the supervisory board voted to buy a plant in the U.S. to make its fast-selling Rabbit model. The move was scarcely a surprise; VW has been talking about putting up a U.S. plant for years. Nor will the giant German automaker be the first foreign company to assemble cars in America—Sweden's Volvo has already started building a \$100 million plant in Chesapeake, Va. Still, the formal decision illustrates how changes in currency values can transform world business patterns.

VW had no choice. President Toni Schmücker has often said that "we cannot do without the U.S. market," explaining that VW counts on selling one-third of its output there. But the automaker has not met that target recently. U.S. sales have plummeted from



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

a peak of 571,441 cars in 1970 to 267,727 last year, helping to send VW skidding into the red. The company lost \$313 million worldwide in 1974 and \$100 million last year.

VW has streamlined its West German operations and replaced the legendary—but increasingly unexciting—Beetle with the faster, jaunty Rabbit (TIME, Feb. 2). Those measures boosted profits in Europe, but left Volkswagen with an almost insuperable problem in the U.S.: repeatedly the West German mark has jumped in value against the dollar, making VWs more expensive for American buyers. In 1970 the cheapest model sold for \$1,839 in the U.S.; today it goes for \$3,499.

Rare Case. By assembling cars in the U.S., VW can protect itself against further damaging currency fluctuations and perhaps cut production costs by \$200 per car, a rare case in which a product can be manufactured more cheaply in the U.S. than overseas. One thing held VW back from the obvious move: labor unions feared that it would cause further layoffs in German plants. But VW proposes to retool its Emden plant, which has assembled Rabbits for the U.S., to make other export models, particularly Dashers and Audi Foxes. German labor leaders finally agreed to that plan.

U.S. labor chiefs are delighted too. VW's American plant, which will cost up to \$200 million, will have a capacity of 200,000 Rabbits a year. Engines, transmissions and some chassis parts will be shipped from Germany, but all other parts will be supplied by U.S. manufacturers. Those arrangements guarantee jobs for about 5,500 workers at VW's assembly plant and perhaps three or four times that many for suppliers.

Three sites are leading contenders for the VW plant: a former Westinghouse appliance factory in Columbus, Ohio, a federal tank plant in the Cleveland suburb of Brook Park and a partially completed Chrysler Corp. assembly plant at New Stanton, Pa. Whichever site Volkswagen chooses, it will soon have company. Now that it is moving into U.S. manufacturing, Japanese car makers are almost certain to follow.

JOBS

Two for the Price of One

Gaylord Nelson was living in Carmel, Calif., in 1937 and cherished free time to spend on the beach. So he and a friend tried to get one job at a cannery and split the hours and pay; the employer would not hear of it. Early in April, however, Nelson, now a Democratic Senator from Wisconsin, presided over subcommittee hearings on "Changing Patterns of Work in America" and learned that the idea of job sharing is at last starting to catch on.

Typically, the practice involves two

workers voluntarily dividing a full-time job—sometimes performing complementary tasks, sometimes merely each putting in half the hours. The sharers split both salary and fringe benefits. The arrangement is attracting several types of workers: older people who would like to ease into retirement, the handicapped who may not be able to stand the physical or emotional strain of a full-time job, and students, particularly those who have returned to school in mid-career. The most eager job sharers are mothers who need work income as well as time to care for their children.

BIOLOGIST CROSS & ENGINEER JAKO



"Twinning" (as the British call it) is still far from widespread. It has been practiced mostly in teaching, library and lab work, a few professions and in government. Massachusetts State Banking Commissioner Carol Greenwald, who in 1973 herself became the first part-time officer of the Federal Reserve Bank, has hired two research assistants with different skills to divide one salary. In Palo Alto, Calif., Ruth Freis and Miriam Miller share the post of program director for a network of day-care centers, and Engineer Chris Jako has arranged to split a job planning a science center with Biologist Pat Cross. A few liberal-arts colleges—including Iowa's Grinnell and Ohio's Oberlin—have hired husband-and-wife teams for single junior professional slots.

Hiring two for the price of one has some advantages for employers. They can more easily meet affirmative action

requirements and recruit from a broad, relatively untapped labor pool. Part-time workers are so zealous, according to some studies, that they are almost certain to put in more than half a day's work in half a day's time. "Two teachers working half of the time bring additional energy and enthusiasm to the classroom," says Nick Gervase, personnel chief for the Santa Clara Unified School District in California.

But job sharing can also double an employer's training and personnel costs. In certain jobs efficiency can suffer if a part-timer has to learn about a new policy or procedure that his "other half" has already mastered. And when two people split a salary, each must reach the ceiling of \$15,300 before the workers—and their boss—stop paying Social Security taxes.

Still, Wisconsin and Massachusetts encourage job sharing among state employees. The practice will grow if the Federal Government does the same. Last July the Senate approved a bill by California's John Tunney re-



MILLER & FREIS AT PALO ALTO DAY CARE CENTER
Bringing additional energy and enthusiasm.

quiring that 10% of all federal job slots be sharable within five years. A twin proposal by California Representative Yvonne Burke languishes in a House subcommittee, but Nelson hopes that his hearings will spur the White House into activity. "I think the Government ought to be providing more creative leadership," he says. "With 2.8 million employees, we're in a position to do a lot."

Death Watch

"You can't learn to die as though it were a skill. People die in the way they have lived. Death becomes the expression of everything you are, and you can bring to it only what you have brought to your life."

So says Producer-Director Michael Roemer in summary of the stern message of *Dying*, his searing 97-minute television documentary made for Boston's WGBH, to be aired this Thursday on PBS channels across the country. It is an intimate portrait of how three cancer patients who know they are going to die contend with this reality to the very end. *Dying* is a camera probe into forbidden reaches of our fears.

In youth-conscious America, the subject of death has, until recently, remained one of the last unmentionables. Now there are signs of a more realistic approach to the inevitable. Colleges offer courses in thanatology, and churches present seminars on coping with death. Few viewers, however, will quite be prepared for the overpowering impact of Roemer's immensely humane yet all too chilling treatment of the subject. The show begins with an interview that is not one of the case histories.

"In a strange way it was a good day. We were able to share things. I read to Mark. I gave him his last bath. Then early in the evening he kissed me and said, 'Let's call it quits. Pooh.' And he died about half an hour later."

The speaker is Sandy, a pretty, warm-eyed young widow who had been pregnant with her second child when doctors had diagnosed her husband's lymphosarcoma. At first she hesitated to tell Mark, then 29, that he had but five months to live. But there was a tradition of honesty in their marriage, and she realized she needed to draw strength from him. "The truth set us free," she says. "When I told him, he cried. But a huge weight lifted because we could share it." Sneaking her new baby into the hospital under a poncho, Sandy nursed her by Mark's bedside. This homey act gave her husband a peaceful sense of the continuity of life, she explains. For the viewer, this serene prologue to the dying patients awakens a sense that lives and relationships are as important as death. Says Roemer: "I felt a good way to ease into the fears was to start with something that was already over." But there are few easy moments after that.

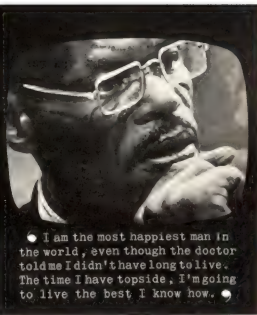
First comes Sally. "Oh, Mama, it's good to be home," she tells her elderly mother. With her withering limbs and head covered by fine gray stubble, Sally, 46, appears ancient. When she turns to peer out the window, her skull bears the surgical dent that is brain cancer's

trophy. "It's just like when you look at a little baby," she says. "Somebody that baby will be an old man or an old woman if they live long enough. And so, I have no fear of death." Sally may not, but hers is a Yankee stoicism hard to share.

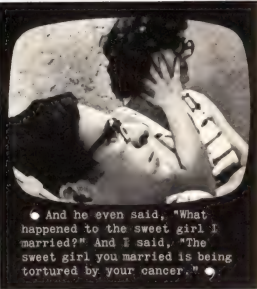
With Harriet and Bill, 33, there is another kind of horror, a wrenching failure of nerve. Frustrated by uncertainty, angry and agonized, Harriet makes her mortally ill husband feel guilty for dying and leaving her with two sons, age 8 and 10. "The longer this is dragged out, the worse this is going to be for all of us," she tells him in *Dying*'s most unsettling moment. Viewers may be tempted to compare her torment with Sandy's calm, but the show does not do this directly, and Roemer did not intend it. As Harriet said when she saw the completed film: "Different people come to death with different inner circumstances. So they act differently. That's all."

When a person has led a satisfying life, death can be accepted as a natural and appropriate end. "Right now I'm living some of my greatest moments," says the Rev. Bryant, 56, the dying pastor of a predominantly black Baptist church. "I don't think Rockefeller could be as happy a man as I am." Surrounded by wife, children, grandchildren and his congregation, he puts his life in order. He reads his Bible, takes a trip South to visit the house of his birth, teaches a toddler to say grace. There are sounds of babies in the background and rhythm and blues on the radio when he closes his eyes the final time. "He's asleep," the choir sings at his funeral. As mourners file past the bier to a spirited gospel organ, some pat his chest in a friendly farewell.

Two years in the making, *Dying* cost \$330,000, most of which came from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Roemer, 48, is a veteran film maker whose previous credits include both dramatic and documentary films, most notably the award-winning *Nothing but a Man*. Yet he found filming the very private act of dying was extraordinarily difficult. The patients, all of whom came from the Boston area, and their families had to consent to the presence of a three-man film crew in their hospital rooms and homes. Out of a list, provided by doctors, of more than 100 terminal cancer cases, only a dozen patients were filmed, with just the three appearing in the final version. It took five to six months to shoot each segment. Once filming began, the subjects did not mind. "They wanted us there very much," says Roemer, "perhaps just to know someone cared." In many ways, the film makers suffered too. As Roemer puts it, "We were always aware of our own guilt, we knew we were living, and they were not."



● I am the most happiest man in the world, even though the doctor told me I didn't have long to live. The time I have topside, I'm going to live the best I know how. ●



● And he even said, "What happened to the sweet girl I married?" And I said, "The sweet girl you married is being tortured by your cancer." ●



● Before I was sick, I was a big, healthy redhead climbing mountains all over and having a wonderful time... And then, down, down, down, ●



PLAYWRIGHT BEN TRAVERS

Falstaff Returns

Two of the biggest hits of the London theater season come from the pen of Ben Travers, an 89-year-old playwright who might well have been expected to have taken his final curtain. The National Theater has revived Travers' *Plunder*, serene fare today but daring when it was first produced 48 years ago because it set jewel theft and murder in a French-window farce. And brand new is *The Bed Before Yester-*

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

day, a West End comedy that stars Joan Plowright as a foul-tempered, filthy-rich, frustrated widow belatedly discovering the pleasures of the marriage bed. The double-header triumph has earned Travers acclaim he has not received in decades. Says *Guardian* critic Michael Billington: "It is heartening to find a comedy that comes down so wittily and unequivocally on the side of life."

Approving Bottoms. Between the wars—World I and II—Travers turned out a series of farces sketching a Wodehousean gallery of silly asses of the English upper class, alas unrelieved by a Jeeves. "They were quite good, but just things for laughter," Travers recalls. By the '50s, this collection of emotional still lifes seemed too pallid for the English stage, so Travers retired to the seaside to watch cricket. But when he was well into his 80s he decided to try again, and succeeded in broadening his vision and style without losing his comic bite, a feat that eluded even Bernard Shaw in his declining years.

Travers, a pint-size, cigarette-smoking Falstaff, attributes his personal revival largely to a liberalizing of English society. He much admires the realism of the new generation of English playwrights, such as John Osborne and David Storey. Indeed, he tried his comeback because he feels "there is something to be said now which I've never

been allowed to say in the past." The younger dramatists had cleared the way by campaigning against the official stage censor, a punctilious guardian of manners and language for the starched upper-crust audience that had so inhibited English theater. (In the 1940s, one censor boasted to Travers of this ultimate stroke of permissiveness: "I was the first censor to pass the word bottom.") The office was abolished in 1968.

Liberated from the conventions that made it "improper and unpleasant to reveal anything about sex," Travers felt he could create characters like Alma, the heroine of *Bed*. By the last act, Alma is chasing her fatigued new husband back into the bedroom, audiences affectionately cheer her on to a rendezvous that completes the comic transformation from Victorian prude to exuberant earth mother.

Rights to *Bed* have already been sold in a dozen countries, and Travers has completed two more comedies that his producers are holding for coming seasons, bringing his lifetime total to 23 plays. He has moved back to London and plans to stay. A man about town again, he dines out several nights a week with theater friends. When one of them recently brought up the subject of the ultimate end of his long career, Travers was calm and in character. Said he: "I want my tombstone to read: 'This is where the real fun begins.'"

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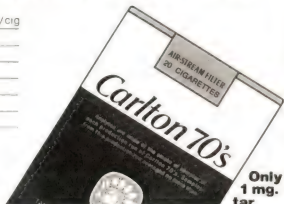
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	tar, mg/cig	nicotine, mg/cig
Brand D (Filter)	14	1.0
Brand D (Menthol)	13	1.0
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6

**Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
* 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine**

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



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GRETEL & THE WITCH



PSYCHOANALYST-AUTHOR BETTELHEIM



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD IN BED WITH WOLF

Narrow Couch

THE USES OF ENCHANTMENT

by BRUNO BETTELHEIM

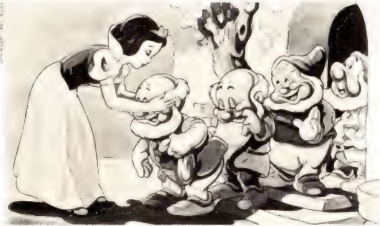
328 pages, Knopf, \$12.50.

Once, in a certain country, there lived a great sage named Bruno Bettelheim. Rich in experience, wise beyond his 72 years, Dr. Bettelheim had survived the concentration camps of Dachau and Buchenwald to become the most celebrated child psychologist of his time. He had written of autism in infants and prejudice in adults, of social change and mental imbalance, and each book had become a classic. Now he turned his searching intelligence upon a rich and neglected topic: the fairy tale.

In *The Uses of Enchantment* Dr. Bettelheim finds that these adventures are not mere bedtime stories. They are life divined from the inside. Once decoded they can be apprehended as allegories of unconscious terror and yearning. "To the child," Bettelheim writes in this provocative and quirky book, "and to the adult who, like Socrates, knows that there is still a child in the wisest of us, fairy tales reveal truths about mankind and himself."

Animistic Universe. One of these truths concerns the duality of human response. A child's mother is usually perceived as benign and loving. But she may also be seen as arbitrary and punitive. In the tales, this harsher figure can be masked as a witch or wicked stepmother. The father, alternately protective and threatening, is usually cast in the role of giant or king. In these guises, the author believes, parents may be disliked and defeated without guilt or remorse.

Another truth concerns the child's profound craving for the miraculous. The very young live in an animistic universe, where chairs have souls and conversations take place with dolls and



WALT DISNEY'S SNOW WHITE AFFECTIONATELY EMBRACES THE DWARFS

Going on a crankish quest for sexual symbols in a medieval world.

trees. Fairy tales mirror these credences—but place them in perspective. Through the nerves the child learns that a kick at a door hurts the foot, not the door. Through the narratives a child understands that the supernatural belongs in the words of the Grimms. *Frog Prince* in the old days, when wishing still helped. When actuality intrudes too abruptly upon the child's world, the price may be prohibitive. Argues Bettelheim, "Many young people, who today suddenly seek escape in drug-induced dreams, who apprentice themselves to some guru . . . or who in some other fashion escape from reality into daydreams . . . were prematurely pressed to view reality in an adult way."

This defense of the fairy tale provides the hard, glistening surface of Bettelheim's book; the very title *The Uses of Enchantment* suggests utility over literary delight, therapy before amusement. Deep within the volume are less convincing "proofs" of this attitude. The legends of Snow White, of Hansel and Gretel, of Goldilocks are parsed for every psychological nuance. Here the reader leaves the nursery for what Vladimir Nabokov calls "the fundamentally medieval world of Freud, with its crank-

ish quest for sexual symbols (something like searching for Baconian acoustics in Shakespeare's works) and its bitter little embryos spying, from their natural nooks, upon the love life of their parents." To Bettelheim, Goldilocks' peek into the bears' house "evokes associations to the child's desire to find out the sexual secrets of adults." The number of bears is also darkly allusive. "In the unconscious, the number three stands for sex because each sex has three visible sex characteristics: penis and the two testes in the male; vagina and the two breasts in the female."

Freudian Simples. In Hansel and Gretel the gingerbread house stands for "oral greediness." An analysis of Snow White descends to pure jargon: "The queen, who is fixated to a primitive narcissism and arrested in the oral incorporative stage, is a person who cannot positively relate." The doctor's narrow Freudian couch allows no room to turn around. Versions that do not accord with orthodox analysis are jettisoned. Disney's version of *Snow White*, for example, is psychologically useless to the child because each dwarf has a separate name and a distinctive personality. This "seriously interferes with the

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BOOKS

unconscious understanding that they symbolize an immature, pre-individual form of existence which like heroism must transcend."

Such dogma tends to remind the reader of a remark attributed to the father of analysis: that while a cigar was a phallus it was also a cigar. The humor of Sneezy, Dopey and Doc, the excursions of Hansel cannot be reduced to Freudian simples. The wolf in *Little Red Riding Hood* is more than the "potentially destructive tendencies of the id"; he is a wolf as well. Of course a child walks in a giant's world. Of course boys and girls dream of transformations into wondrous and powerful creatures, i.e., adults. Of course the tears and truths of the human condition reside within these stories. But there are many truths. At the beginning of this century, Chesterton praised fairy tales because they provided the child a "St. George to kill the dragon." For poet W. H. Auden, a reading of the Grimm Brothers could serve to "restore to parents the right and the duty to educate their children." Between these two terminals there are millions of valid interpretations—as many as there are readers and critics. *Pace* Bettelheim, enchantment has more uses today than it did once upon a time. **Stefan Kanfer**

Buried Instincts

RED WOLVES & BLACK BEARS: NINETEEN ESSAYS
by EDWARD HOAGLAND
273 pages. Random House, \$8.95.

Most parents regard TV's *Sesame Street* as a benevolent baby sitter, but Viewer Edward Hoagland, 43, has noticed something more. Animals, he suggests, are now an endangered species in the realm of make-believe. The Muppets are perky humanoids or cuddly monsters. Big Bird is barely the simulacrum of an ostrich. For that matter, Hoagland notes, Bugs Bunny was less obviously a member of the genus *Lepus*.

ESSAYIST EDWARD HOAGLAND



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than were such precursors as Peter and the Rabbitt.

From these small clues, Hoagland sniffs out a major cultural trend—"from the ancient juxtaposition of people, animals, and dreams blending the two, to people and monsters that grow solely out of people by way of dreams." Since he has devoted large swatches of his life to observing animals in the dwindling American wilderness, Hoagland is saddened by this further evidence of their decline. "As we drift away from any cognizance of them, we sacrifice some of the intricacy and grandeur of life."

The elegiac note sounds throughout this collection (Hoagland's third) of splendidly diverse essays. Civilization has been bought at the cost of animism; increasingly, man's only measure of himself is man. Yet Hoagland can examine such melancholy facts without shrillness or sentimentality. Instead, he serves as a patient guide to what remains. He writes movingly about the black bears still extant in Minnesota and the few red wolves at bay in southeastern Texas. His description of the complexities and nuances of wolf society is enough to make dog owners marvel at the instincts buried in their pets.

No Heroes. Hoagland's reportorial methods are irreproachable. When studying animals, he goes to where they are, attaches himself to the area's acknowledged expert and watches closely. This empirical bent also governs his approach to his fellow creatures: when he generalizes about the current state of the nation, he does so from experience. A meditation on the lack of heroes in modern life begins with a memory afternoons at the old Yankee Stadium, where young fans were allowed to trot briefly onto the field after the game, beside the likes of Joe DiMaggio. Now, Hoagland notes, the players are shielded from these intimacies and with good reason. "We kill our heroes nowadays; as too much admiration fixes upon them, a killer emerges, representing more than just himself." He decides, finally, that heroes vividly embody fulfilled aspirations, and we do not have such people because we can no longer agree on what we want.

The coils of introspection frequently lead Hoagland to such downbeat conclusions. Yet, paradoxically, his essays are primers in the subtle wonders of existence. "What is most shocking," he writes, "is not how casually we accept the news of an acquaintance's death, unless our noses are rubbed in it, but how casually we observed his life." That is easy to say but hard to mean, and Hoagland clearly means it. He has traveled and thought hard, usually in solitude, without allowing the veneer of his own sophistication to clog his responses. He is unembarrassed by awe and unabashedly thrilled by the panorama of mortal creations that the world provides. "We forget," he says, "what miracles we are." *Red Wolves & Black Bears* is an anthology of reminders. **Paul Gray**



NOVELIST BARBARA HOWAR

Valley of the Guys

MAKING ENDS MEET

by BARBARA HOWAR

369 pages. Random House. \$8.95.

In her first novel Barbara Howar, the swinging Washington hostess turned writer and television personality, updates a story as familiar as *Mr. Sister Eileen*: old-fashioned girl comes to the big city because she is too special to settle down with a small-town Chevy dealer. In her memoir *Laughing All the Way* (1973), North Carolina born Howar outlined just how special she was: Emerging from postmarital *nostalgia*, she became a Washington gossip item. Names dropped like martini olives. Jealousies were disguised by a jovial rictus.

Laughing All the Way was held together by a breezy cynicism that Howar dispensed like hair spray. *Making Ends Meet* is similarly bound. "I may be a cynic but I'm no whore," proclaims Lilly Shawcross of South Carolina, the novel's Howarish heroine. Like the author, Lilly is a woman of abrasive wit who will not go gently into that prescribed afternoon known as middle age. Divorced, 40, and the mother of two, she is also the sassy film critic for a Washington, D.C. TV station.

Lilly is at that delicate point in life where she must splice her youthful spirit to a mature independence. But before these ends can meet, she has to overcome her emotional dependence on men. Father was a remote figure who

supplied money but no affection. After her mother's death, Lilly goes to New York where she becomes a dress manufacturer's model.

There she befriends Vincent Lazio, a homosexual designer who turns her into *My Fair Lady*. His scheme is to shape Lilly into marriage bait for a rich—preferably old—man. Instead, she is snared by Harry Shawcross, a young producer of public relations films who needs a presentable wife to complete his resume. As Mrs. Shawcross, Lilly moves to Washington where Harry is on the fringes of John Kennedy's Camelot. But she refuses to play the docile Guinevere. At one point she even draws attention to herself when she is the only woman at a party who does not jump fully clothed into the swimming pool.

Brief Affairs. After the prescribed split with Harry, Lilly pals around with an aging, influential columnist and later finds shelter under the platonic wing of a television executive who becomes her drinking buddy. Her love affairs are brief and physically unsatisfying.

As a novelist, Howar seems to have learned a lot from old movies and talk shows. Her basic technique is the flashback and her keenest instinct is for the spiky remark. "You political types are permitted to get caught with your hand in anything except another man's," Lilly tells two Government officials whose groping she has mischievously joined under the dinner table. Such dialogue befits TV critic Lilly Shawcross, who is described as falling somewhere between Pauline Kael and Rex Reed. As a fictional character she inhabits a latitude equally indeterminate and unlikely—between Becky Sharp and Mary Tyler Moore. **R. Z. Sheppard**

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*1376, Vidal* (1 last week)
- 2—*Trinity, Urs* (2)
- 3—*The Gemini Contenders, Ludlum* (3)
- 4—*The Boys from Brazil, Levin* (5)
- 5—*The 8 Document, Wallace* (9)
- 6—*The Chairboys, Wambaugh* (6)
- 7—*Saving the Queen, Buckley* (4)
- 8—*Ragtime, Doctorow* (8)
- 9—*Curtain, Christie* (7)
- 10—*Kinfolk, Alther* (10)

NONFICTION

- 1—*The Final Days, Woodward & Bernstein* (5)
- 2—*World of Our Fathers, Howe* (1)
- 3—*The Russians, Smith* (3)
- 4—*Spandau, Speer* (2)
- 5—*Doris Day, Hatcher* (4)
- 6—*The Adams Chronicles, Sheppard* (6)
- 7—*A Man Called Intrepid, Stevenson* (10)
- 8—*Winning Through Intimidation, Ringer* (9)
- 9—*The Rockefeller, Collier & Horowitz*
- 10—*The Relaxation Response, Benson with Klipper* (7)

THE THEATER

War Without End

STREAMERS

by DAVID RABE

In outward form, David Rabe's trilogy of military plays, *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, *Sticks and Bones*, and now *Streamers*, appears to be about the brutalizing effect of army life and the scourge of Viet Nam on the U.S. conscience. In inner content, they are more like detonations of the individual psyche—a simple soul goes berserk.

That is what happens to Carlyle (Dorian Harewood) in *Streamers*. The locale is a Virginia army camp in 1965. Carlyle is black, and he has been assigned to a company of "untouchables," i.e., men on perpetual KP and other menial duties. He is desperately afraid that he will be shipped off to Viet Nam.

As an outcast in search of attention, affection and "a home," as he puts it, he begins frequenting the quarters of three technical sergeants, two white, one black. They are men of caste status in an army hutment, an odd lot indeed. Richie (Peter Evans) is an avowed homosexual. The college-bred Billy (Paul Rudd) may be a latent homosexual, but won't admit it. And Roger is a black who has bridged the racial gap through competence and an equable temper.

The action proceeds mainly as a kind of extended barracks-room bull session. But eventually, sexual desire between Richie and Carlyle triggers a racist diatribe from Billy. Suddenly Carlyle

HAREWOOD, EVANS (KNEELING), RUDD (REAR)

flips out his switchblade, slashes Billy (apparently mortally) and then carves up a fat intruding master sergeant, killing him. Physically and dramatically, this seems like an arbitrarily gory denouement, but the logic of inevitable violence has governed the play all along.

Director Mike Nichols' work is clean, powerful and electric, and he has elicited from Dorian Harewood a shattering performance that is equally intense in its falsely glib nonchalance and in its true sorrow. But what about Playwright Rabe and his obsession with the same terrain and subject? It is worth noting that none of his "war" plays take place in the combat zone. *Pavlo Hummel* probed the rigors of boot camp. *Sticks and Bones* exposed the unhealing scar tissue of a returned Viet Nam veteran, and now *Streamers* exhausts itself in an intermediate no man's land where fear barely dares to speak its name, or love its deviant desires.

A kind of psychograph may explain and link these three plays. Picture an adolescent growing up in a small town, probably in the Middle West. While sheltering him, his parental home gives him no rooted sense of identity and fails to enfold him in a warm, unconditional love. Drafted into the army, he cherishes the camaraderie but loathes the authoritarian procedures and is broadly apprehensive about his own possible death in combat. As an innocent, he is startled by his introduction to evil, or deviant, modes of conduct. He is forced to wonder if his friendship for his fellow soldiers is strictly that, or is simply a masked form of his own desire.

This composite figure pervades Rabe's plays. In classic terms his protagonists are all undergoing initiation rites. But the lack of catharsis in his dramas means that after the initiation, no induction into full manhood occurs. Nothing like wisdom is reached, or even stoic serenity.

T.E. Kalem

Sergeant Plantagenet

HENRY V

by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

In the delightful last scene of *Henry V*, Henry Plantagenet asks for the hand of Katherine of France, speaking partly in fractured French while she answers in broken English. In amused frustration Henry says: "I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English, for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown."

In Alan Howard's rendering of the title role in the Royal Shakespeare Company production at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the line rings disconcertingly true. It is as if the soldier-king had



ALAN HOWARD IN *HENRY V*
Selling a farm to buy a crown.

left the plow for the fields of combat without ever having seen his own court. This Henry is a platoon sergeant rather than lord of the realm. It is not only his gawky stance that denies the cleverness and kingliness of Henry V's character, but also his brusquely rushed vocal delivery that seems to mimic Richard Burton's voice without offering any of its sumptuously resonant timbre.

It is not that Howard, a fine actor, is doing a bad job. He is simply responding to Director Terry Hands' imposed conception of the play. Hands clearly wants to get entirely away from anything overtly heroic or proudly patriotic. Such an aim, however, is difficult to square with the text and tenor of the play. Once one accepts the limitations of the director's concept, there is nothing to fault in the brio of the cast, the racehorse pace or the sense of battle-weariness conveyed. There are different ways of showing British pluck. Dunkirk is not Agincourt.

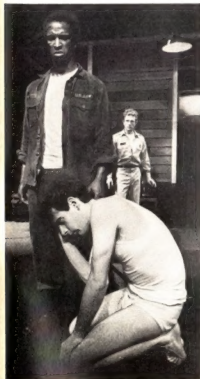
T.E.K.

The Ossified Heart

THE HEIRESS

by RUTH and AUGUSTUS GOETZ
based on *Washington Square*, a novel by Henry James

This play briefly opens a window on one woman's life and then permanently locks the door. The heiress, Catherine Sloper (Jane Alexander), is an awkward, self-denigrating, plain-featured girl who falls ardently in love with a handsome fortune hunter named Morris Townsend



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JANE ALEXANDER IN THE HEIRESS
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Catherine's doctor father (Richard Kiley) is a sardonic man who resents his daughter bitterly. To him, Catherine is an aching reminder that his wife died in giving birth to her. He violently opposes the match. Having diagnosed Townsend's intentions, the doctor is quite unconcerned about the condition of Catherine's ossifying heart.

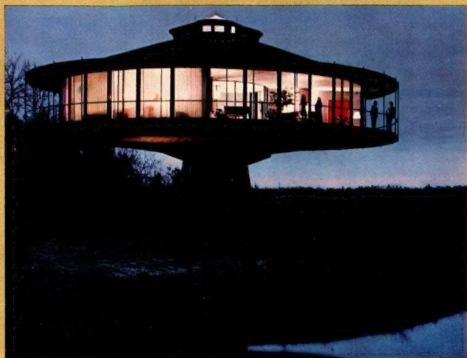
When Townsend realizes that the girl will be disinherited if she marries, he jilts her. After the doctor dies, Townsend renews his suit, and Catherine, now grown into a confirmed, cynical spinster, pretends to accede in order to have the revenge of a woman scorned and to jilt him in turn.

So much depends on the dramatic switch ending concocted for the play that *The Heiress* seems to owe more to O. Henry than to Henry James. As a revival it must compete, too, with the memory of earlier incarnations, the 1947 play with Basil Rathbone and an oft-replayed movie starring Ralph Richardson as the coruscating father. The torment inflicted upon the daughter by the father can still stir old-fashioned pity, even in the age of women's lib, and the claustrophobic gentility of this 1850s New York home adds a note of melodrama.

The cast is admirable. As a plumeless bird in a gilded turn-of-the-century cage, Alexander draws a poignant portrait of repressed freedom. As a dry rulebook tyrant, Kiley gives us a man whose only contact with the heart is through a stethoscope. Playgoers whose attention spans have been shortened by films and TV may get restless at Director George Keathley's pacing, which is meticulous and deliberate. **T.E.K.**

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